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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE Conservative party, as the historic party of Macdonald, Tupper and Borden, no longer exists. It has been committing gradual suicide for about twenty years, so that it is much too late to wail or beat the breast; but it was not until last week that the medical certificate of decease was issued by the Winnipeg Convention, which resolved itself into the Convention of a new party, the Progressive Conservative. We welcome the new party into the ranks of Canadian politics. It starts off well, with a good leader who has never had anything to do with the Conservative party, and is in consequence totally unconnected with any of the miserable feuds, hatreds and jealousies which have destroyed the old one, and *may* be able to induce the participants in these feuds to march side by side behind him as they would never have marched behind one of their own family.

There is no longer any room for the charge that the Conservative party is trying to masquerade under a disguise. The new party does not even pretend to be the Conservative party. It is questionable whether the Winnipeg Convention brings as much to Mr. Bracken as he, the non-Conservative, brings to the Convention. What looked like a last gasp of Conservative independence, when the Convention refused to change the name in advance of the election of a leader, was not really independence at all, but merely a very natural desire not to have the choice of leader predetermined by a vote on another question which would inevitably have been interpreted as a vote for Bracken; the Convention quite properly refused to be stampeded into a vote for-or-against Bracken before the election came up. The platform is excellent, but does not grow out of anything that the Conservative party has done or attempted to do since the last war, except the Bennett broadcasts which the party as a whole solicitously repudiated. So everybody can start all over afresh, with no idea except to make sure that the C.C.F. does not climb into power when the Liberals go out.

Mr. Bracken, we think, is far too shrewd to lend himself to any campaign for edging himself and a few colleagues into a sort of National Government before the next elections. He is only in his sixtieth year, and he is a patient man, as one would expect from a farmer who was a professor of field husbandry for sixteen years and premier of Manitoba for the next twenty. He will naturally try to lure as many Liberals away from the Liberal party as he can; but he will do it at a time when there is some prospect of their putting the Bracken party in office as a Bracken Government, and not when it is merely a question of sharing the spoils and glories—and responsibilities and unpopularities — of a wartime administration. And he and the platform together—they are very well suited to one-another—should be able to lure away from the C.C.F. a good many C.C.F.-ers who are not convinced Socialists.

Altogether we feel that the Winnipeg Progressive Conservative Convention did a good job for the country. Mr. Bracken is almost the only man in provincial life who in the last few years has looked like a possible national figure and has conducted himself not merely as if he wanted to be one but also as if he knew how. The other candidates who ran against him will all make useful cabinet timber when the time comes and should be content to do so. We regret the apparent decision of Mr. Stevens to withdraw from political life, and we urge Mr. Bracken to look into the possibilities of retaining him. He is far from being the only cabinet minister who was unable to endure the disciplinary methods of Prime Minister Bennett, but he was the only one who had the enterprise to try to start a new party of his own. He is sixty-four, but he is a very able politician with a singular appeal to Quebec, and his Ottawa experience is much too valuable to be thrown away. There may have been no room for him in the Conservative party, but there should be in the Progressive Conservative one.

WITH MONTGOMERY ONCE MORE HOT ON ROMMEL'S HEELS IN LIBYA, BRITISH TANKS ARE AGAIN TO THE FORE. HERE ONE IS READIED FOR ITS PART IN THE ADVANCE.

Winnipeg Farm Policy

WE TRUST that the agriculturists of Canada will not be led astray by a slightly weasel-like quality in the language of the Progressive Conservative party's plank on parity of prices. As a first step towards that rather vaguely defined condition the party declares its approval of "an initial minimum export price of $1.10 per bushel to be adjusted annually at the beginning of each crop year" and an initial minimum domestic price of $1.25. Critics of this plank appear to think that this "initial minimum price" is a permanent minimum, and that the party promises never to go below it. We do not so understand its intentions, and we hope nobody else will, for the consequences of any such expectation would be terrible. We take it that the party thinks that $1.10 would be a sound minimum for the present year, but that even at the beginning of the next crop year it would need to be revised in the light of all the conditions.

The designer of the platform, probably intentionally, used words which might apply to either of two different operations. An initial minimum price is open to adjustment upwards, but not downwards, when the results of the season's marketing operations are known. But each year's initial minimum price is open to adjustment either upwards or downwards when the time comes to set the next year's minimum, and any party which undertakes to set the minimum for all time, or even for several years to come, is simply heading straight for national disaster. The result could easily be either total inability to export the crop, or the necessity of exporting it at far less than cost, the difference to be borne by the taxpayers.

There is a story that even with this mitigating interpretation the wheat price plank was violently objected to by some of the Eastern delegates, and was never properly voted upon by the Convention. These delegates would have liked to see the naming of specific prices avoided, and it must be admitted that they are not a proper subject for treatment in so general a document as a party platform. But everybody was agreed upon the necessity of assuring the industrious farmer of an adequate living, and this happens to be the formula upon which the farmer has set his mind for that guarantee. It has unfortunately never occurred to him that a guaranteed price in dollars and cents may not have much value if the dollar itself has to be depreciated in order to maintain it.

The tariff plank is extraordinarily short and very far from being a guarantee of high protection. It simply enunciates three "guiding principles" for tariff policy, namely: "(a) To provide gainful occupation; (b) to maintain a high standard of living; (c) to ensure a fair price to the consumer." Mr. Bracken himself is probably the nearest thing to a free-trader that ever appealed for votes in the name of a party with "Conservative" as part of its name. It will be noted that the clause contains no reference to the past position of the Conservative party on this subject.

The resolution contains one clause accidentally left in from the time when the Convention was still the Conservative party. The Progressive Conservative party cannot reasonably claim to "recall with pride and gratitude that our party rose to greatness through a fruitful partnership between two great races, French and English." And it is long since the Conservatives enjoyed the fruits.

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Bracken Arrives

See article by Lucy Van Gogh on page 36

Is Hans Listening?

IN HER new volume, "Listen, Hans," published in Canada by Thomas Allen, Miss Dorothy Thompson tells us how to shorten the war by dividing the Germans while they are still able to fight. She has coined a new phrase; she calls her propaganda warfare the war "to Germany," not "against Germany." She wants us to make it clear to the Germans that we do not propose to ruin Germany, nor to cut it up into several states, nor even to de-industrialize it. She is bitterly opposed to the various propagandists of Old Regimes which want to get back part of what is now Hitlerland. And she wants us to hold out hopes of a kind of United States of Europe, and to repudiate all idea of even a temporary Anglo-American administration of the continent.

The wisdom of all this seems open to much question, though the eloquence with which it is presented is admirable. There was a time when we ourselves—along with the British and Canadian governments—thought that the German people could be divided; and if they could have been divided then, in the early stages of the war, much of what Miss Thompson still thinks possible might have been possible. But too much water—and too much blood mixed with it—has gone over the dam since then. She seems to ignore completely the seething mass of hatred which Nazi behavior has attracted not only to Naziism but to the whole of that Germany which has so long allowed Hitler to speak and act in its name. The peace-loving German of her analysis doubtless exists, but he did not love peace enough to stand up for it against a ruthless and violent party which frankly admits that it wants war;

(Continued on Page Three)

GRANT DEXTER —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

News Makes the Newspaper Man

BY COROLYN COX

WHY does Grant Dexter hold an almost unique position as a political writer in Canada? His prestige, a matter of long years of steady growth, has culminated in the past few weeks through a series of articles in the Sifton papers, *Winnipeg Free Press* and *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*, that virtually exploded the long simmering "situation" in Canada's manpower problem, the National Selective Service section of the Department of Labor. With the resignation of Elliott Little as head of N.S.S. the storm broke wide. Where does Mr. Dexter fit into all this, the public wonders, and why is he universally quoted just now? Is he or some sort of inside line that other writers cannot tap?

The answer to these questions is for the Democracy that is Canada to look into the mirror, and the sort of figure that it sees is Grant Dexter.

To begin with, he is no glamor personality, built up for the commercial value of selling a name by deliberate publicity. Canada doesn't bite at that sort of thing. He has come up the hard way, which we still believe is a superior beginning, no matter how loudly we proclaim the national desirability of a future order in which things will never again be hard for the young.

Dexter was born out in St. Andrews, near Winnipeg, forty-six years ago, of Scottish stock. His mother was a Fraser, from the Highlands, whose forebear, a Baptist minister, preserved the Faith among the Wild Men of Glengarry settled in 1837 at Breadalbane, Ontario. Dexter's father was one of the band of lawyers who went west in the 'eighties, prospered through the opening up of Manitoba in its good days, moved to New York in 1900, leaving his family at Hamilton. But after his father died, leaving five children, Grant, the youngest, discovered the stuff the Frasers were made of as he watched his mother set to on her own to raise her brood. Without lamenting her lot to her relatives, she did her stuff in Hamilton, despised no honest form of work that would contribute to the welfare of her children. Grant got out with the *Hamilton Spectator*, delivered over a morning route while attending public school.

About 1911 relatives visited Mrs. Dexter, discovered what she had never told them—that she had much too much on her hands. So Grant soon found himself out on a farm west of Selkirk, under the aegis of his uncle, Colin Campbell. This Scottish farmer he found a great and happy man. With 120 acres of land and a native capacity for hard work, he had discovered contentment. He never longed for the accumulation of things his small annual cash return would not buy. The food was grand in his spotless home, life was complete. He inspired his young nephew by believing in him, assuming he could do anything, letting him try his hand at everything round the farm.

The older children got on their feet, looked after their valiant mother, decided Grant at 15 ought to get a bit more schooling, sent him to Brandon College, Baptist school in Brandon, Manitoba. After a year there, Grant felt it high time to get himself a job, went into the office of a mortgage company in Winnipeg. But the atmosphere got him down. There was too much talk of percentages, of men unable to pay their debts, and other lugubrious affairs. His rescue was effected by a grand pair. J. W. Dafoe and Cora Hind, no less, took him into the office of the *Winnipeg Free Press* as their joint office boy. Dexter's father had known "J. W." and had given Cora Hind her first job!

Like "the Ruler of the Queen's Navee", he served his turn with energy, and always on the run. "Stand still!" Dafoe used to exclaim, "till I have time to tell you what I want you to do!"

First step up to cutting copy for the night telegraph desk he found exciting and romantic. Seven at night till half past two in the morning were his hours, and he got fat on the job. Then one day came an aspiring newspaper lad's dream. The circus came to Winnipeg, and there was a horrific electric storm, tents blown about and a group of elephants loose of their moorings, crashing through the community. The story came in, and there wasn't a reporter in the office of the *Free Press*—just the clipping boy. Grant wrote his first story, earned the title of "cub reporter".

It seemed very grand—first the morgue and deaths and funerals, then the police beat and the hotels. At that point came the War.

Dexter had to save up enough money for an operation before he could get into the army, but was all set by the spring of 1915, got to France by May of '16. He was a trooper with the Strathcona Horse, stood behind the Somme, always expecting to be used on a horse in a dash through the line, meanwhile used as infantry in soft parts of the line. He considers he made a very bad soldier. He wound up with trench fever, was sent to England, classified unfit for active service, assigned to orderly duty in Eastbourne general hospital. There he felt he was useful, and he learned a lot about the spirit of man, the contagion of death and the will to survive, both of which he watched sweep through wards during the influenza epidemic.

The Winnipeg Strike

Dexter got back to Canada just in time to join up for special mounted police duty in the Winnipeg strike of May 1919. They did restore order, but it proved difficult, mounted as they were on the city's milk route horses who wanted to stop at every house along each street.

Dexter returned to the staff of the *Free Press* in time to cover the trials of the strike leaders, many of whom he has never lost sight of ever after, since they were soon elected to the Provincial Legislature and then came on, like Dexter, to Ottawa. Dexter has been in the Ottawa Press Gallery since 1923.

Twenty-four years steadily under the influence of John Dafoe is responsible for Grant Dexter developing in the way he has done. But anyone who supposes that means Dafoe has bent and directed the younger man's mind does not understand "The Chief's" tradition. Men and women on the staff of the *Free Press* are indeed like members of a family, but by no means are they all alike. They will all tell you that J. W. never gives an order, enccurages and believes in his "children", inspires them to develop themselves. He is keenly interested in exposing their minds to stimulating reading, but not in telling them what to think. It is when they stumble that they feel the Old Man's strength—his arm round their shoulders, encouraging. No one ever hears J. W. lightly passing praises round, and every fellow needs to do his own "home work". No inside line is tapped for any *Free Press* writer. If the Chief possesses confidential information, no man gets it from him. It is up to each writer to find his own story.

The Citizen is Boss

Thus has Grant Dexter developed his own character and integrity. His own philosophy of journalism is that no newspaper, much less any individual writer, is ever the Big Stick. It is the Issue that has importance, is the Thing. Responsibility of the political writer is to get the issue straight, express it as clearly and as honestly as he knows how, all of which requires long and faithful home work. Neither vituperation nor flowery prose can sway the Boss. The Boss is the average citizen. Canada's reigning power is back in the fifth concession.

He has no patience with those who believe the common man does not think and is likely as not to vote against a politician because he is too fat, or for another because he kisses babies convincingly. It makes small difference, says Dexter, that the average citizen has no time or inclination to devour Hansard and blue books, or that he tends to ignore politics between elections. When the time for decision comes, and the great election debate is finished, the electors almost invariably in the majority decide wisely.

Men who have watched Dexter's work in Ottawa maintain that his numerous extraordinary successes in anticipating developments in the political field have not resulted from inside tips, but from his long experience, sound judgment and method of operating. Knowing the political ingredients, he forecasts what will happen, then supposing it is about to happen, he looks in those places where the first effects would show. If he finds signs of the beginnings, he is off with his story.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Vichy "Plot"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR ISSUE of December 5 you published an article by Dr. Franz Klein entitled "Is Vichy Collaboration a Mask?" In this article Dr. Klein states that "inability and unwillingness to understand France is a time-honored tradition"—a tradition, English by inference, since he quotes a facetious rhyme of G. K. Chesterton to prove his statement.

I should like to inform Dr. Klein that there is in this country and in Great Britain a very great willingness to understand France, but that the ability to do so will not be helped by articles such as his.

It would be interesting to know on what information and on what authority Dr. Klein builds up his thesis regarding the sacrifice of honor, fame and reputation by Marshal Pétain, Admiral Darlan and Schemer Laval for the sake of preserving France until Britain should be ready. Men as omniscient as he makes them out to be surely never believed that Britain, alone, after Dunkirk, could hold out long enough to rearm and eventually save France. Certainly had her leaders accepted what appeared to be inevitable defeat in the same manner as the above trio, not only would France still have no hope of freedom, but we too should be enslaved. However, since, according to his thesis, these men acted as they did for the above reason, would he explain why they allowed Japan to overrun Indo-China without protest, thus making the conquest of the Netherlands East Indies, Singapore, Malaya and Burma infinitely easier for our enemies, and consequently delaying the deliverance of France? Would he also explain his statement that General Dentz "defended Syria without inflicting losses on the British?" Even if the above could be included as part of the "greatest conspiracy in history," can he tell us why—since "the time was on hand" on November 11, 1942—there was Vichy resistance resulting in a good many casualties at Casablanca and Oran?

Could he tell us of anything in the personal character of these men which would encourage us to believe in the good intentions concealed under this "mask" of collaboration? Does he deny that France was just as unprepared as Britain as far as mechanized equipment and the Air Force were concerned? Does he know that the "great" Marshal Petain was Chief of Staff and therefore directly responsible for this lack of preparation? Does he ask us to have faith in men who broke their treaty with us—and now, when the tide is turning in our favor, break their agreement with Hitler? Or does he consider treaties "scraps of paper," to be torn up whenever political expediency dictates?

Dr. Klein asks us to understand France. What he really wants us to do is to condone Vichy—which is not France, as those of us who know and love France realize. That France, represented by General de Gaulle and the Fighting French, who have kept faith with us, their allies, and with France, their country, is not mentioned once in his article.

When he speaks of "the personal ambition" of a "good many Frenchmen in exile," would he please inform us exactly what that *personal* ambition is? These men—and women—have lost every material possession, have risked their own lives and those of their families to fight against the enemy of their country. They have not stayed in France scrambling for positions under the New Order, living on the fat of the land while their people starve. They have not received gifts of yachts and estates, confiscated from their fellow countrymen of different religious faiths or political opinions. They have not handed over political refugees—among them some of Dr. Klein's nationality—to their German overlords. They have not put their own countrymen in concentration camps nor forced them to go as slave laborers to Germany. In all this, Pétain, Darlan and Laval have not only acquiesced but co-operated. Does Dr. Klein ask us now to understand these men who represent everything against which we are supposed to be fighting? Personally, I prefer to trust those whose integrity has been proved by adversity, rather than those whose scheming, which we are asked to believe is motivated by the most noble of intentions, results in their preferment, and who declaim piously about the purification and suffering that *others* must endure to expiate the sins which *they* have committed.

Toronto, Ont. E. M. WEIR.

And One Was Jim

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

J.E.M.'s story, "That Makes Up For Some Bad Nights," reminds me of a personal incident in the last war. I was on a Yonge street car in Toronto one bleak morning in the winter of 1917. Sitting next me was a man reading the *Mail and Empire*. I glanced idly over his shoulder at a row of eight one-column-wide cuts, topped by a banner line stating that the D.S.O. had been awarded to each of the Canadians pictured below. I thought to myself, "How nice it would be if one of them were Jim!" And lo and behold, one of them *was* Jim!

My pride knew no bounds. I longed to proclaim to everyone in the car: "Look, look! The third from the right is my brother-in-law!" But like the mother in J.E.M.'s story I kept my joy to myself.

There is a post-war memory that comes back to me too. I remember the ecstasy with which I regarded Jim's various decorations, and his quiet comment: "They mean nothing. It was the men who did everything."

MILDRED MACMORINE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

and in consequence he will have to suffer as if he himself had wanted war. For that matter, the chances are that he did; for the German is, as Miss Thompson points out at great length, hopelessly self-contradictory, and is perfectly capable of loving peace and wanting war (victorious, peace-bringing war) at the same time.

Miss Thompson seems to want to make peace as soon as any German other than Hitler is willing to do so. Is that wisdom or is it sentimentalism? We cannot help the Germans *starting* their wars when they want to, but do we have to let them *stop* them also at the precise moment of their own choice? Some of our associates in this war may not be disposed to do so. Stalin, for example, will probably not make peace with any but a Communist-controlled Germany; and what right have the United States and Britain and Canada to compel him to anything less? And is not Stalin the only man who can really effect that division of the Germans which Miss Thompson wants—the division into the Germans who still want war because they are afraid of peace and those who want peace because they know they have lost the war?

CHRISTMAS, 1942

ONCE angels flashed across the sky
To bring mankind a song.
And shepherds heard the gladsome word
But oh, the foolish world passed by
Intent on hate and wrong.

But still the Heavenly overtones
Ring in the frosty air
Despite the years of deadly fears,
Of blood and sweat, of women's moans.
Their sound is sweet and rare.

And now upon the golden morn
The guns are roaring free
And flames are hurled across the world.
But still for us a Child is born.
God give us eyes to see.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

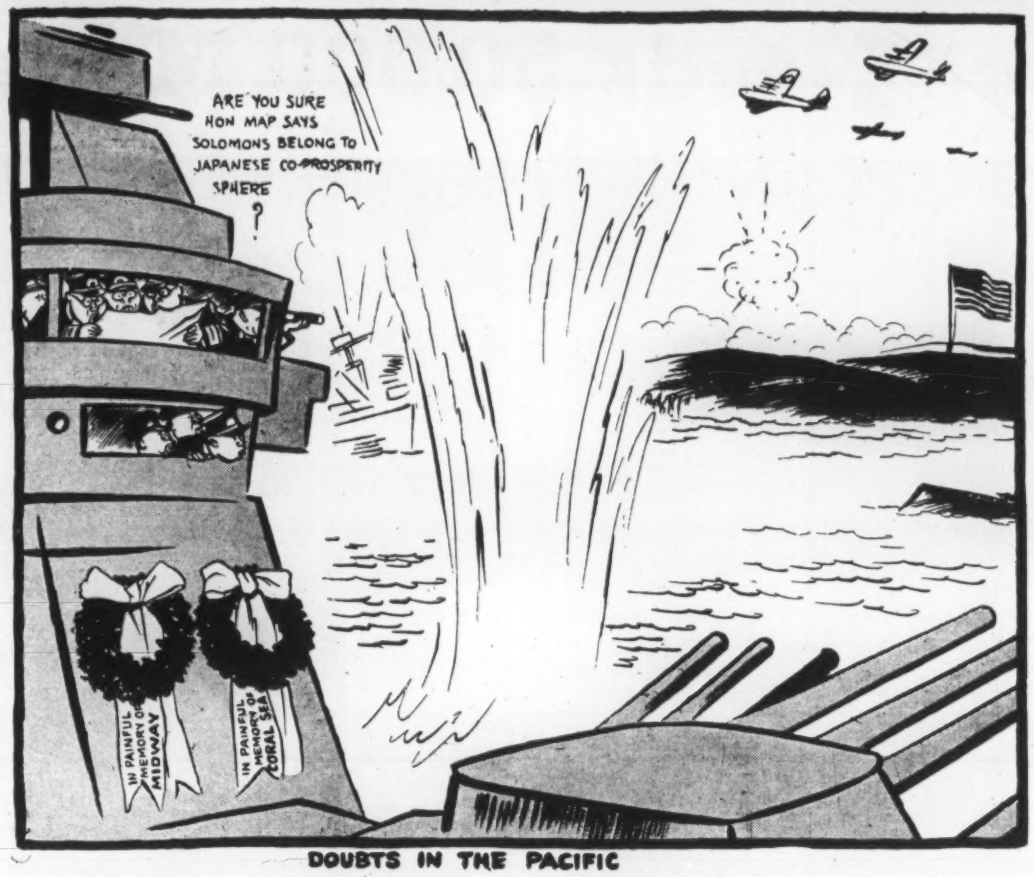
Seven and Sixteen

WHEN the Seven Governors of Toronto University threw out the Sixteen Friendly Aliens, by denying them the right to register for courses, they raised several different issues. The first was as to the moral right of a provincial university, supported in part out of the public funds and in part by the endowments of past benefactors, to exclude persons who have been released from internment by the Dominion and British authorities for the specific purpose of pursuing their education. The second was as to the wisdom—if the moral right were conceded—of so doing. The third was as to the constitutional authority of the Board of Governors to effect the exclusion.

The practical issue, which from the point of view of the Sixteen Friendly Aliens is no doubt the important thing, has now been settled by an action of the Dominion authorities which lets out the Board of Governors and the Toronto *Globe and Mail* by opening a very comfortable side door wide enough to accommodate everybody except the Toronto *Telegram*. The *Telegram*, which supported the exclusion on the ground that the victims were technically German subjects, ought really to go on arguing for it on the same ground, for they are still German subjects. But the *Globe and Mail*, which supported it on the ground that they were debarred from the military training courses required of other male students of the proper physical classification, can support their admission now that they are admitted also to these courses; and the Seven Governors, who never had to give any reasons for their action, do not have to give any reasons for changing it.

The Sixteen—or those of them who have not gone elsewhere—are now back in the university and can be properly enrolled. But the Governors have admitted no moral obligation to admit to education any well-behaved person who is allowed by the Dominion government to seek an education and can get his fees and upkeep paid for. They have admitted no unwisdom in excluding persons eminently qualified to put their education to a good use. And above all, they have admitted no authority on the part of the academic body controlling the university (the Senate), or on the part of the affiliated colleges, to determine who shall and shall not be admitted to education. These issues having been raised—by the Seven Governors,—we regret that they have been left unsettled, for in some form or other they are likely to be raised again.

We particularly regret the lack of any decision on the claim of the Board of Governors—a body appointed by the provincial Government—to say who shall and who shall not be admitted to the university. It is no secret that the personnel of the Board has not in recent years been a subject of congratulation among friends of liberal education in the province, but so long as it functioned chiefly as a sort of Committee of Business Management this delicate topic has not seemed to call for public discussion. The deeper it wades into the waters of academic discipline, the more inevitable will such discussion become. In the interests of the university, therefore, we think it important that the public should know that by a *nem. con.* vote in the largest meeting of its history the Senate of the University of Toronto laid claim to the right to determine who shall be admitted to study, and called upon the Board of Governors to authorize the registration of the Sixteen Friendly Aliens. That the Board has now authorized it upon totally different grounds does not lessen the importance of that resolution.


ARE YOU SURE HON MAP SAYS SOLOMONS BELONG TO JAPANESE CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE ?
IN PAINFUL MEMORY OF MIDWAY
IN PAINFUL MEMORY OF CORAL SEA

DOUBTS IN THE PACIFIC

The Infallible

THE reputation for infallibility of Mr. Luce's many-covered weekly, *Time*, must have been a trifle impaired by the revelations in connection with its story of the Bowmanville disturbance. It was made abundantly clear in court that the story was forwarded to *Time* by an American-born free-lance journalist (an entirely estimable young man so far as we can figure) who had no first-hand information, who did not write the story as it eventually appeared (the alterations being not in the direction of toning it down but quite the reverse), and who would not dream of claiming the status of a full-fledged and responsible foreign correspondent. American readers of *Time* have probably not heard much about this incident, which perhaps would not interest them much if they did, but Canadians have heard a great deal, and cannot avoid being interested, since the story might have had—we ought probably to say may have had—a most serious effect upon the treatment of Canadian prisoners of war in German hands.

Canadian journalists have long known that *Time's* sources of information in Canada were not always among the most careful and responsible writers in the country, and that, in addition to this, whatever material the sources did provide was usually "touched up" by rewrite men whose task it was to introduce the characteristic *Time* qualities of sensationalism and debunking. The general public has however accepted *Time's* own claims to the possession of sources of unrivalled reliability and background material of unrivalled completeness. In order to build its own prestige *Time* has persistently sought to undermine the faith of the public in the frankness and even in the fact-seeking energy of the whole of the ordinary newspaper press of this continent, by pretending to do an immensely better job in both respects. It is now evident that those who rely on *Time* for their knowledge of things that are not told them by the newspapers are likely to find themselves knowing a good deal that isn't so.

Pay as You Go Tax Plan

SINCE we wrote on the subject last week the campaign for the adoption of a Pay-as-you-go income tax collection plan has received the endorsement of several of the leading banks and many additional newspapers. But the most important additional impetus is that provided by the report on it of the Legislation Committee of the Canadian Manufacturers Association. An argument set forth by this committee is in our opinion likely to have overwhelming weight with the Government.

If, says the committee after referring to the bad debt losses which are to be expected in the case of people who have little or no capital and whose incomes are substantially reduced while they still owe eight months' taxes on the high income—"If the government subsequently endeavors to avoid these bad debt losses by withholding the savings portion of present taxes, workers will feel that the government is repudiating its obligation to refund enforced savings."

This is a consideration that does not arise in the United States, where enforced savings are not yet adopted. The situation in Canada will be that the government owes considerable sums on enforced savings account to persons, many of whom will at some time also owe considerable sums to the government on old income tax account and will have great difficulty in paying it. For the government to pay money to people who themselves owe it money is obviously absurd; and yet not to pay it would have a most detrimental effect on public confidence, and might lead to grave injustice to creditors who have advanced money to the taxpayer on the strength of the government's promises.

We do not, as a matter of fact, believe that it would be politically possible, or economically wise, for the government to attempt to set off its claim for old income tax against its promises to refund the compulsory savings, and we do not believe that any government would ever do it. Yet not to do it is in some degree an admission that the claim for old taxes is not an enforceable one. The wise policy is surely to abandon the claim, and to accept the twelve monthly instalments—or the four quarterly instalments — as constituting final settlement of the obligation arising out of that year's income, subject only to the necessary small adjustment when the total income is accurately known.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

FROM an advertisement in the Saturday Review of Literature. "Homely girl. Face doesn't stop clocks; just slows them down. Librarian, interested in books, theatre, amateur photography and Homely Man. Absolutely no photographs." We know several of such fellows, but we don't dare mention them, since they are married to peaches who would never speak to us again.

•

Glancing at Stephen Leacock (no reference to the preceding paragraph) we have coopered a new definition of the word essayist. An essayist is a fellow who likes to go fishing and mull-over all sorts of things when the fish are not biting. Indeed it is true that a sudden rise by an ill-adjusted fish may be to him an impertinence.

•

ACCESSORIES

"If love were all, ah me!" the poet sighed
Gazing entranced upon his bonny bride.
But well he knows that love, or mild, or tense,
Brings household budgets as a consequence.
Apartment rents, he learns, are much too high,
He'd better find a brand-new house, and buy.
But then necessities come crowding in,
Storm windows and a proper fuel-bin,
New lamps and fixtures to dispel the gloom,
New drapes and curtains for the living-room,
A cellar bench, complete with tools and vise,
A new refrigerator needing ice,
(The old electric has outlived its use
And we must all economize on juice!)
New dresses, lingerie, a winter hat,
And so on that way, till the purse is flat.
"If love were all, ah me!" the poet sighed,
"But it's a big expense to get a bride.
Still I don't care, however poor I am,
For in the offing I perceive—a pram."

•

Premier King has been informed of the secret hiding-place of the Coronation stone. A Premier is like the rest of us. Day by day he acquires more and more useless information.

•

ON GETTING UP

A cloud on my horizon is:
Whatever hours I keep
The time of my arizon is
The best for sleep.

STUART HEMSLEY

•

Several advertisements in the New York papers offer to teach dancing in three hours. Extravagant! The kind of dancing we see nowadays could be taught in five minutes, and then you'd be wasting time. But the old-fashioned waltz, complete with reverses—that was something.

•

THE OLD DIE-HARDS

Since Bracken is IT,
I know a few gentlemen who
In puzzlement sit.

"Now what can HE do?"
They mutter, "He once was a Grit
An active one too!"

Uneasy they sit
And mournfully burble and coo
Like doves in a fit.

Though they murmur pooh-pooh
He is IN, they admit.
And they'll vote for him too.

•

An officer of Engineers who has been building pontoon bridges while up to his waist in water has been promoted. Now he's working in water only up to his knees.

•

AGREED

No arm-chair strategist am I
I haven't all the answers.
But this I'd say. I think we should
Kick Hitler in the panzers.

NICK

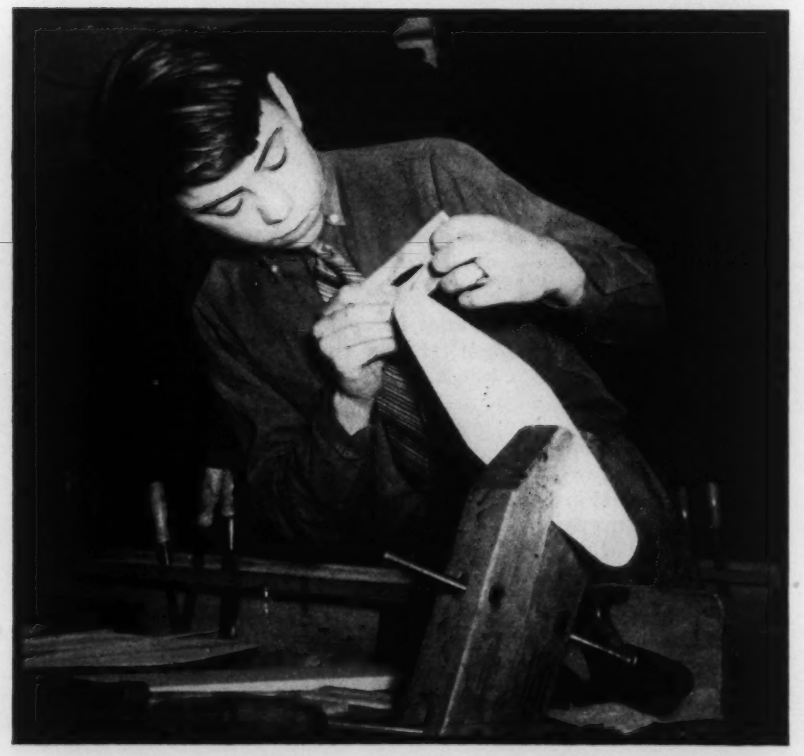
•

Everybody thinks himself competent to criticize a street railway, a war, or a newspaper. But running one is different.

The Air Force Needs 50,000 Model Planes . . .

Aircraft recognition, essential in the training of an R.C.A.F. pilot. At a glance he must know if oncoming plane is friend or foe. Study starts with silhouettes . .

. . . but "optical illusions" of airplanes are learned only through models, 50,000 of which Canadian schoolboys will provide. Above: studying plans to model a Martin B26.



He works his wing with extreme care. Fine craftsmanship is necessary if his model is to pass rigid R.C.A.F. standards.

By R. B. Mathews

IF that necktie-holder little Johnny promised he'd make Uncle George doesn't materialize this Christmas, don't blame Johnny. Blame the war. Chances are the boy has been too busy at full manual training classes making model airplanes for the R.C.A.F.

Before next spring there will be 40,000 boys, in their early 'teens like Johnny, working in their schools across Canada on the production of scale models of 90 different fighting aircraft—United Nations and Axis.

It is a job that calls for craftsmanship as well as mass production. The small planes must be built to a minutely accurate one forty-eighth scale and 50,000 of them are urgently needed for training pilots, observers and gunners in the British Empire Commonwealth Air Training Plan. As each of these 50,000 planes will take 40 hours to build, the boys in Canadian schools have certainly undertaken no small task.

Nor is it by any means an unimportant one in beating down the Axis, for the small models are needed to teach our fighting airmen to recognize instantly from any angle a strange plane as friend or foe.

In addition to their use in aircraft recognition they are invaluable in classrooms and ranges where gunnery is taught. The air force student becomes familiar with all models at a point of 30 feet from him at which distance they appear to the eye the same size that a plane would seem at 600 yards, the limit of effective fire range against a Nazi plane. Studying these models provides "quickness on the draw" training, enables a gunner to instantly recognize—at a time when split seconds count—*what* to shoot at and *when*. Without these models our lads in the R.C.A.F. would not be the top-flight fighter pilots they are.

AIR force headquarters in Ottawa a year ago were at a loss to know what to do without this essential equipment. Some scale models had come from Britain, but never enough to fill the need of the Commonwealth Plan. Could photographs be used? Veterans of aerial combat gave an emphatic "No!". An unwieldy collection of photographs that showed 500 angles of an enemy plane would take weeks to study—and the student would learn less that way of "optical illusions" than he would by taking a scale model in his hand and twisting and turning it for a few hours.

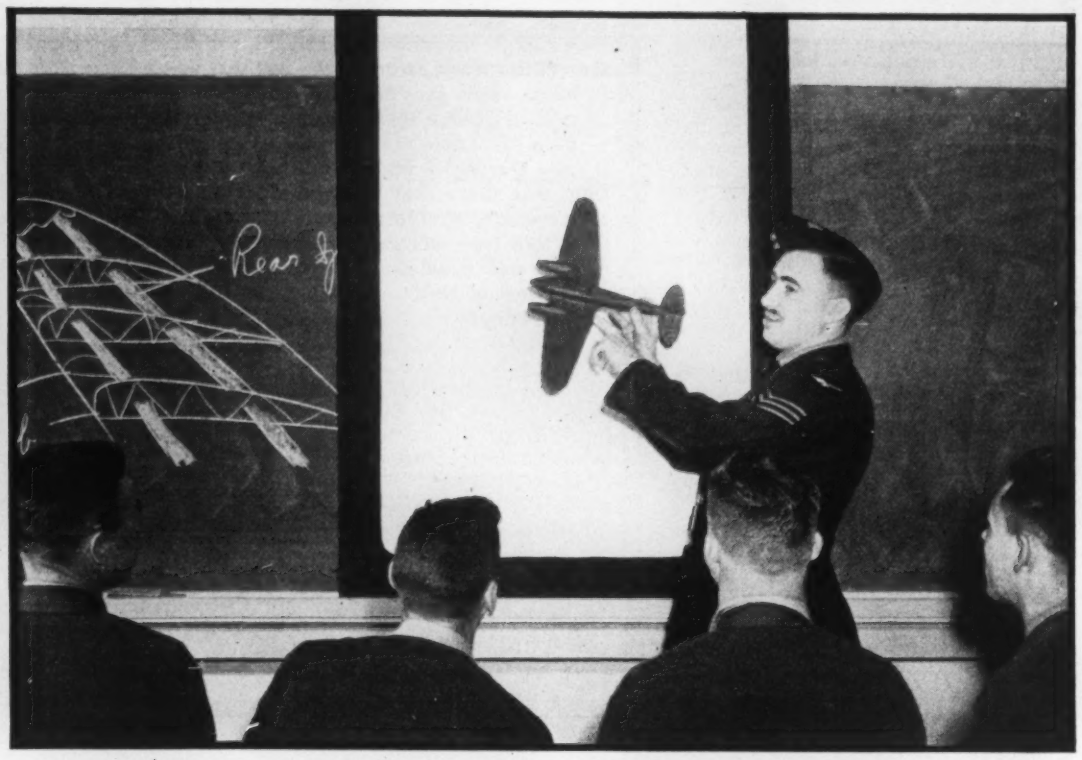
The first appeal went out last year to pupils in a few schools in Eastern Canada. The boys heard the man from the Air Force only half way through when they were getting ready for action, clearing their benches of book-ends and unfinished handkerchief boxes. Other

This school bench corresponds to a "tail assembly" department in an aircraft plant. Larger schools mass produce their models; each boy does the part he can handle best.

Paint is applied to a finished bomber. Forty hours of skilled tool work is required to bring each of these accurate one forty-eighth scale models to point of completion.

. . . 40,000 Schoolboys Will See It Gets Them!

Peacetime production of necktie holders has been suspended here. Instead, these boys, typical of 40,000 others, use their manual training to aid Canada's fighting fliers.



A school-made model is put to use. The instructor is holding miniature Heinkel 111. "Shoot when you get this one in your sights", he warns the air-gunners in training.

Pictures by the Author

schools learned of the project and letters came to R.C.A.F. headquarters asking "When can we start?" weeks before they were scheduled to be contacted.

Knitting was once supposed to be the chief wartime occupation of the gentler sex. That was before the "all-out" slacks and bandannas of this war. It must not be forgotten that in imagination our school girls also fly on night forays from England and drop their bombs on Hamburg and Turin. In some schools the girls have "ganged up" and *insisted* that they too be admitted into the Commonwealth Model Airplane Plan. And when women insist-in-italics there is nothing a rugged male can do but fall in line. In these cases the knitting needles are idle while the young ladies cut patterns and paint up the finished models.

THE biggest and most important wartime production schedule ever undertaken by the boys of Canada is now well under way. Their answer to Hitlerism is well known in Ottawa. Ask Flight Lieutenant W. J. Gladdish of No. 1 Training Command or Flight Lieutenant I. C. McQueen of Airforce Headquarters, who has just been on a trip to the West on the special assignment of "bringing in the models." Their job was to appeal to the school boy but the school boy beat them to the punch in appealing to them.

There's no such thing as "good enough" in models; they must be exact to the letter. Our airmen when they learn, must learn from perfection; for their lives and our cause depends on it. Before a school is accepted as a source for models the instructor must take specifications and produce a model that will pass the test. Only when he gets the "O.K." from headquarters can he start his pupils on production.

PROUD fellows are Jack Ashton of Toronto and Harold Jones and Phillip Smith of East York, Ontario. They were the first three boys to turn in acceptable models for the R.C.A.F. But they were only a little bit ahead of the surge.

Others deserve mention too but they will get it direct from R.C.A.F. headquarters in Ottawa in the form of an Official Certificate that will be given to every Canadian boy who completes an acceptable model as part of his war effort.

But don't think the boys are working for a certificate alone. There are greater considerations. Take the students at "Duncan B. Hood" School in York Township, Ontario. As they work they think of Fred Hiley, recently decorated for bravery in the air over Europe and who is now in hospital. Fred's father is Frank Hiley, their instructor.

Gunners use models to become familiar with enemy outlines as these appear in the sights at limit of effective fire range.

Another batch of models is turned over to the Air Force by Taylor Storey of Central Technical School, Toronto. Flight Lieut. W. J. Gladdish accepts on behalf of R.C.A.F.

Proudly these boys hand over their share of the 50,000 urgently needed models. The appreciative R.C.A.F. will present each model maker an official service certificate.

Useless to Win Unless War Stays Won

BY FRANZ KLEIN

One of the worst errors in the last war was a premature declaration of war aims. This proved to be fatal because every "aim" was at the same time a pledge to an ally, to a potential ally, or to the enemy. This time Mr. Eden has repeatedly stated that Great Britain refuses to give any territorial pledge during the war.

Does this mean that Sir Samuel Hoare's and Mr. Willkie's demand for a more specific declaration of war-aims cannot be satisfied? The answer is that frontiers cannot be drawn now but principles can be thought out and proclaimed. What kind of organization will replace the League of Nations? What are the methods envisaged for economic recovery?

SIR SAMUEL HOARE and Mr. Wendell Willkie have joined recently those who have been clamoring for a more detailed declaration of the allies' war-aims, and their opinion cannot be dismissed easily. Sir Samuel occupies one of the few remaining listening posts on the European Continent, the British Embassy in Madrid, and Mr. Willkie spoke under the impression of what he had been told in the Middle and Far East.

Little is known of Stalin's attitude to this question but Mr. Churchill's and President Roosevelt's hesitation is, quite obviously, one of the many indications of both men's good memory. It could be said that British and American war-policy is, this time, dominated by the firm desire to avoid a repetition of the mistakes which, 23 years ago, caused the allies to lose the peace in the very hour of victory. And it cannot be denied that one of the worst errors in the first war was a premature declaration of war-aims. This proved to be fatal because every "aim" was at the same time a pledge to an ally, to a potential ally, or to the enemy.

Let us recall a few examples: In April 1915, Italy was promised colonial rewards for joining the Western Powers. After the victory France was unwilling to foot this bill and, as a compensation, Italy received the Southern Tyrol, a gift which poisoned Austrian-Italian relations and, 15 years later, offered Hitler the opportunity to denounce Dollfuss' co-operation with Rome as an act of national treachery. Another example: The Serbs were promised the acquisition of Austria - Hungary's Southern Slavic territories and the consequence was that the new Yugoslavia, instead of a free federation of Serbs and Croats, became a Great Serbia. The result was that the Croats did not fight when Hitler attacked. A third instance: Instead of promoting a federation of Czechs and Slovaks, the allies accepted the unhistorical design of a Czechoslovak nation. The result is that the second half of the word "Czechoslovak" is figuring now on the list of our enemies.

But perhaps still more disastrous were the promises held out to the opposite camp. The Germans were promised leniency if only they deserted their crowned rulers. The result was the unified, centralized, prussianized, militarized German Republic, replacing a federation in which Southern German liberalism had been a useful counter-weight against the evil spirit of Berlin and Koenigsberg.

Self-Determination

All the peoples were promised "national self-determination" but in Central and Eastern Europe where races are indissolubly mixed up and interlocked, frontiers can not be drawn along linguistic demarcations. The consequence was that, under the false pretence of self-determination, some races were privileged and others impaired. The result was that the Western Powers had a troubled conscience when Hitler claimed Austria, the Sudetens, and Danzig in the name of national self-determination. Another example was the promise to disarm in response to Germany's disarmament. The result was that the German nation believed Hitler when he told them that the peace treaty had been violated first by the other signatories.

The President and Mr. Churchill remember that war-policy inevitably anticipates post-war politics. This, we think, was Churchill's main motive when, for a long time, up to the Atlantic Charter, he stubbornly stuck to the attitude of "Let us concentrate on winning the war!" Had it not been Clemenceau, the Churchill of the First War, who, asked what would be his policy as France's Premier, replied: "Je fais la guerre!"? Let us first win—with these words Churchill dodged every discussion of Britain's war-aims but they were, of course, no reply to the argument that political warfare is no less important than military one.

In July, 1941, General Simovitch, at that time head of the Yugoslav Government-in-exile, said in a broadcast that his country would receive Trieste after the victory. To this Lord Halifax replied in a letter to American Italians that the General had stated a personal view "for which His Majesty's Government accept no responsibility". This was in keeping with Mr. Eden's repeated statements that Great Britain refuses to give any territorial pledge during the present war—a statement which was confirmed by him recently after the solemn abrogation of the Munich settlement. Any other interpretation would be misleading.

Essence of War Aims

Does this mean that Sir Samuel Hoare's and Mr. Willkie's demand for a more specific declaration of war-aims cannot be satisfied? The answer depends on what we regard as the essence of war-aims. Throughout history peace settlements after wars were mainly concerned with the drawing of frontiers. Most people think that this is still the basic necessity. How, they say, can we erect a new structure without knowing its elements, its composing parts, size and shape of the stones at our disposal?

But this is the attitude of a bricklayer, not of a great architect. The artist, though never oblivious of his material, subdues it to his will. This is the spirit which must distinguish the new order to come from the short-lived patchwork of 1919. Here, we think, is the way out of the allies' dilemma. Frontiers can not be drawn now but principles can be thought out and proclaimed. To make a little clearer what we mean: Instead of promising the restoration or the widening of certain frontiers, the allies ought to do almost the opposite; they ought to declare that frontiers will be conceded only to those who will use them quite differently from what was done with frontiers after the other war. No one shall receive a frontier who wants to misuse it as a means of unlimited, selfish sovereignty.

Another example: Instead of promising "national self-determination" to friends or even to friends and

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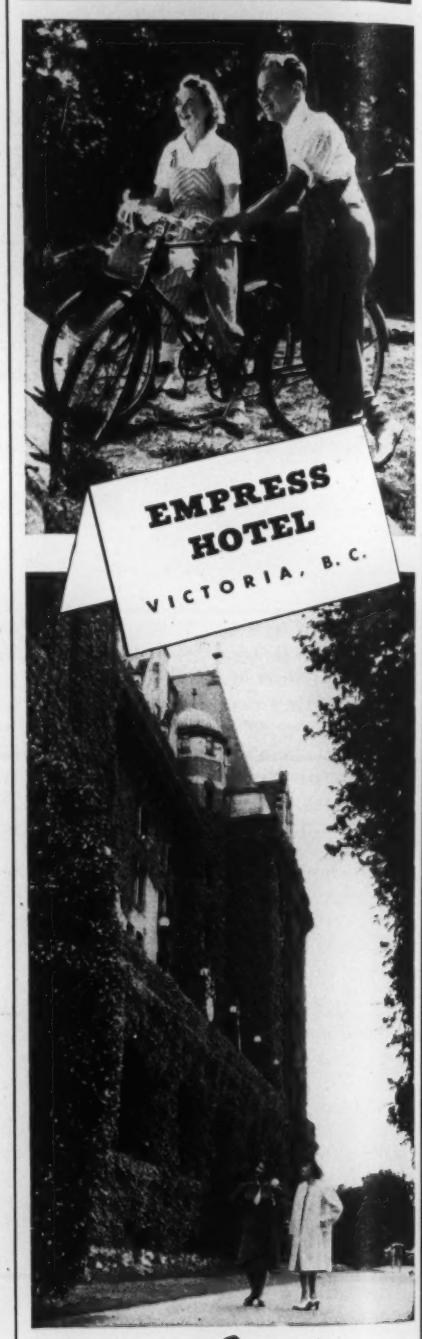
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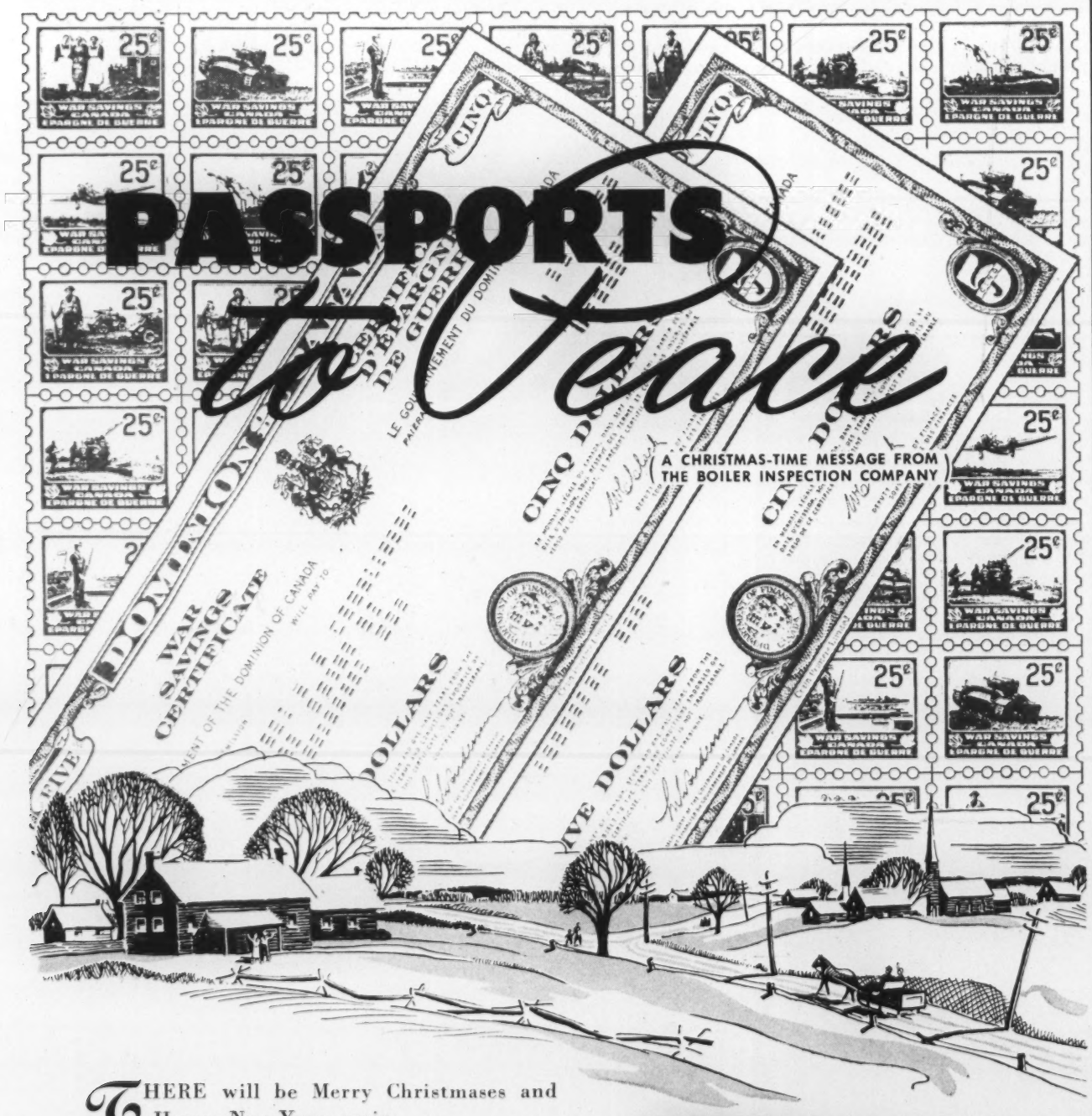

THERE will be Merry Christmases and Happy New Years again . . .

. . . but Peace on earth and goodwill toward men can become a reality only after the war has been won.

That is why our Christmas greeting this year takes the form of a suggestion. This Christmas, buy the one gift that will bring peace quicker. Give War Savings Stamps and Certificates.

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada

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foes, it should be declared that this time self-determination will be granted only on the basis of genuine equality. Instead of national self-determination let us proclaim equal self-determination. No one will raise exaggerated claims if he knows that the same must be given to his neighbors.

The Atlantic Charter wisely avoided a repetition of the slogan of making the world safe for democracy. The new slogan is that of making the world safe. But this left plenty of room for elaboration. Why not specify now the kind of organization destined to replace an insufficient League of Nations by a better one? Why not say much more on the methods envisaged for economic recovery?

Composed of Whom?

At once the question arises who should form the council entrusted with this task. Obviously the governments of the United Nations. But all of them or the Great Powers only? Should the governments-in-exile have the same voice in these deliberations as legally established governments? This would be rather risky and for a special reason. These governments-in-exile are less free than established governments although they may even seem to be freer. They are manoeuvering for positions and the strongest bargaining position, so they think, is to ask for a restoraton of the status quo. Therefore their attitude is inflexible, rigid, and often out-of-date. Unable to consult with their people at home, they do not dare to make any concession. The only leader in exile who displayed real courage was General Sikorski, the Polish Premier, when he went to Moscow, and he was at once abandoned by some of his closest collaborators.

It will be very hard to obtain good results in consultations with governments-in-exile, and yet they cannot be left in the cold. They will prove to be a surmountable obstacle if the Great Powers, the British Empire, the United States, the Soviet Union, and China know what they are driving at. They must give a lead and we trust it will work.

It will work because the situation in the present war is quite different from what it was in the First War. At that time many nations could afford to waver between the two camps. The alternative at that time was an allied victory or a compromise with Germany. This time a compromise with Germany is impossible. Every one knows by now that peace with Hitler is worse than war with Hitler.

This makes the alliance of the United Nations more unbreakable than any coalition in history. It is not necessary to promise nice things to any one in order to keep him in line. This fact gives the Great Powers much more freedom than in the First War. The general fear of a German victory offers them a clean sheet for drawing up their plans. May they write on the top of this sheet President Roosevelt's recent sentence: "It is useless to win a war unless it stays won."

• •

The Case of Mrs. Badderley

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

TAKE the case of Mrs. Badderley, president of a Women's Missionary Society, an ardent knitter and seamstress for the Red Cross, convener of the Boxes for Soldiers group, and pillar of St. Alphege's-Under-The-Hill. She's a patriot, of course. She's a Christian as well, who, in health, never misses a church service, Sundays or week days, and never has done so since as a little girl she learned by heart all the Collects for the Sundays-After-Trinity.

"I really don't know what we'll do," she said the other night after prayer-meeting to Mrs. Bloggs. "A man on our street has sold his house without asking any questions and we heard today that the purchaser was a Jew. Mr. Badderley is furious to think that the man has positively no consideration for neighbors he has known for years. Mr. Badderley says it's the thin edge of the wedge. You know how it is. One comes, and then another, and another, and before you know it the street is absolutely spoiled.

"We've lived in that place thirty years. It's so convenient, you know; close to church and high school and public library and a good shopping district. I suppose we'll have to put up the place for sale, and goodness knows where we can get another half as good and roomy, with all these restrictions on building and such a rush for accommodation. Renting is practically impossible. And the prices! My dear, you've no idea! Sixty dollars for a little five-room box miles from anywhere and not even hot-water heating."

The Rector who was passing and who, positively, has no tact, as Mrs. Badderley has remarked on many occasions, interposed with the remark that he had a number of good friends among the Jews, mentioning Dr. Goldbaum at the North-Western Hospital and Kurt Israels, K.C., of the firm of Angus, Angus, Millburn and O'Flaherty.

Naturally Mrs. Badderley was vexed, though she concealed her feelings as she said, "Oh, I didn't mean professional men. I've no doubt they're all right in their way but—"

"Take the business men," persisted the Rector—he's such a determined man; never can leave well-enough alone.—"I know a good many and they're exceedingly charitable. I get a good deal of help from them for our City Mission; some of them are Big Brothers. And Principal Jones tells me that the boys and girls in High School are a fine lot."

"But my dear Rector," protested Mrs. Badderley, "you wouldn't want them as your neighbors."

"I'd rather have them than some Canadians I know," was the mellow response. "For the moment I don't know any one who would be a better neighbor than a rather famous Jew called Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Badderley gasped and went out murmuring to Mrs. Bloggs, "The dear man, so unpractical, and positively no tact!"

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Mr. Bracken is a Very Sensible Man

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

ONLY one thing persuades us to entertain a suspicion that after all we may be wrong in believing that the Conservatives have committed another and final folly at Winnipeg, in again attempting to present themselves to the country under a disguise. The thing that induces the suspicion is neither the political acumen of Mr. Meighen, who apparently conceived the plan, nor the collective judgment of the convention which endorsed it. It is the decision of Mr. Bracken to be a party to it. Mr. Bracken must believe it will work, and this fact alone compels us to question our conviction that it won't.

We don't like the smell of the thing any more than we liked the smell of Mr. Meighen's gesture towards Quebec from Hamilton back in the 'twenties nor that of the dodge by which the Manion-led Tories sought the confidence of the country in 1940 as a "National" party without any national policy.

Nor is there anything about the genesis or the execution of the plan to temper the scent. In the political judgment of Mr. Meighen we know of no reason to repose any confidence and it is long since the generality of Conservative party wisdom has shown any sign of political soundness. If the Winnipeg decision were entirely that of Mr. Meighen who sponsored it and the Conservative delegates who endorsed it we would be pretty well persuaded that it was a mistake alike for the party and for the country. Even as it is, the instinctive feeling that another Tory blunder has been committed is strong within us.

But Mr. Bracken is about as far removed from the present-day Tory political mind as any politician in the country, and in his own provincial sphere he has shown himself to be possessed of exceptional political wisdom. It would appear, therefore, that the Winnipeg plan must contain some potentialities of success or Mr. Bracken would not have embraced it. He must believe that through his own genius in leadership a national political organization can be erected on the foundations of the Conservative party which will have potency for influencing the country's course in the war and be able to stand as an acceptable alternative to Mr. King's Liberal party and as a seawall against any possible post-war socialist storm. The Manitoba leader's twenty years of successful political experience makes it imprudent to set a layman's detached judgment resolutely against his. Perhaps the thing can be done.

If the plan should be doomed to failure it would seem to indicate the extinction of the Conservative party as a useful force in the national life of the country. Should it be designed to succeed its success might be at the cost of a break-up in the Liberal party. It seems possible to see national loss in either of these eventualities.

A question that occurs to our lay mind is whether such a loss was essential to the achievement of what appeared to have been the aims of the Winnipeg convention, namely, the spurring of Ottawa to a more unrestricted war effort and the provision of protection against revolutionary developments after the war.

In Its Own Clothes

We had a notion that the time was at hand when the Conservative party could at last have hoped to perform its proper function in the country dressed in its own clothes. There was little, apart from its more recent follies, of which it had any occasion to be ashamed, and, given any substantial measure of sound leadership, normal post-war political reactions should have sufficed to restore its standing and establish it as the natural alternative to the party that had carried on the war government.

There was a fair chance that the country might have had some use in the post-war period for an honest-to-goodness Conservative party adhering to its old principles and traditions, which were far from excluding progressiveness in economic and social policy. It cannot be much better than a long guess that the people will have any yearning towards a corruptly-named "Progressive - Conservative" party that is entirely lacking in tradition and in whose leadership there is complete disassociation from the past of the main element in the hyphenated organism.

In at least one or two of the candidates for the party chieftainship at Winnipeg there were potentialities of colorful Conservative leadership of the old-fashioned kind that used to engage the respect and something of the affection of the people. The possibility of this kind of leadership coming back into the national life

The man who has chased Rommel 700 desert miles since November 4 and now has him on the run again, General Montgomery of the 8th Army is shown in his favorite campaign hat bearing badges of his units.

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seems now to be pretty well excluded. We entertain some doubt that the delegates sent by their party organizations to Winnipeg were as anxious themselves to turn their backs completely on the past of their party as they were persuaded that post-war voters would be looking about for something new, and that by dolling up the party with a new name and a non-Conservative leader they could fool the voters into thinking they were getting something new. It is that seeming element of lingering faith in the electioneering efficacy of deception that makes the Winnipeg plan hard for us to swallow.

However, while such methods have failed in the past there may be situations in the post-war period which will be conducive to their ultimate success. Nor would it be fitting to conclude that the Conservatives at Winnipeg were entirely or even primarily concerned with effecting a device for getting Mr. King out of office and themselves into office at the next opportunity. It is the fairly general understanding of those who were connected with the convention preliminaries that Mr. Meighen and other top men of the party were deeply persuaded of the necessity of materially strengthening the effectiveness of the Opposition's voice in parliament in connection with current questions of war policy such as that of manpower and over-all national mobilization.

A Greater Influence

Indeed it is said that anxiety for the proper solution of these problems through the pressure of Opposition influence on the King administration prepared some of these leaders for the definite sacrifice of direct party interest. Apparently they were convinced that there was a better chance of providing such influence through non-Conservative Opposition leadership in the House of Commons than through any conventional move in party reorganization which could be viewed as merely being aimed at party success in the next election.

Those who are confident of the ability of the newly-invigorated Opposition to exercise an influence on war policy are counting most on the extra-party position of the new Moses. Mr. Bracken has never been regarded as a conventional party man, although no political leader in the country except Mr. King himself has shown as much skill in the ordinary angles of politics. He has controlled such mixtures of party forces in Manitoba, and 'was for so long successful in blocking efforts of the Conservatives to regain office in the province, that most people probably think of him as a Liberal.

Ottawa pundits are now naturally speculating on his ability to carry his success from the provincial into the national field, having in mind the common failure of provincial leaders to do so. The independent position that Mr. Bracken has always maintained for himself is expected to give him a better chance than other provincial bigwigs of breaking the jinx that has seemed to attach to their careers at Ottawa.

Increase in Subsidies?

Close observers of price control matters are now figuring that Mr. Ilsley and Mr. Gordon will have to pay a higher price than they put up for subsidies on a few food staples if they are to achieve their aim of forcing down the cost of living index in order to prevent another increase in the wage bonus in February. It had been their intention to include meats in the subsidized food items, but the plan in this connection was modified because of the latent political danger in handing over treasury funds in the form of subsidies to the packers and the administrative difficulties involved in paying it to retailers.

It is now believed that some form of price bonus for meats will have to be resorted to if the cost of living index is to be prevented from going over the hump in January. Also, despite assurances from various official quarters that butter rationing was not in immediate prospect it is now considered doubtful that restrictions on consumption can be avoided without defeat for the latest anti-inflation moves.

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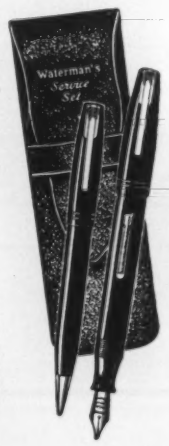

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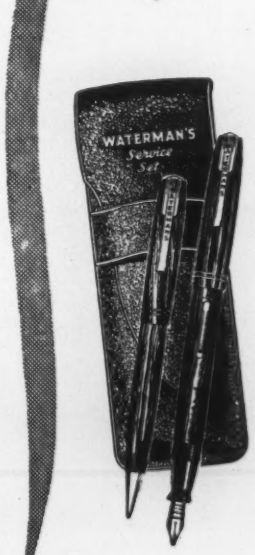

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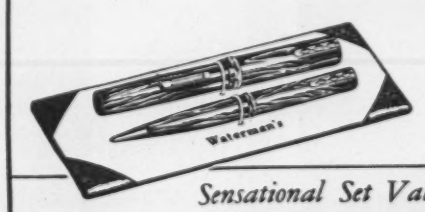

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Christmas Rules for Hypertensives

BY DYSON CARTER

THINK of all the people you know over fifty years of age. Do you realize that one out of five is marked for death by slow strangulation? Nasty thought for Christmas, if the Santa Claus of science didn't have a few reprieves ready in his bag this year.

The public knows this strangulation as "high blood pressure". Doctors call it "essential hypertension". They tell us frankly that in spite of long research the etiology of hypertension remains obscure. So now you know.

Time out to clear up these words. How can medical men be so callous as to call this deadly disease "essential"? All quite simple. Essential in medicine has a meaning different to the everday. Read it: "Without apparent cause". And "etiology" boils down to "cause".

Now for that word "hypertension". Meaning excessive pressure. But the *tension* is significant. As everyone knows the heart is a pump forcing blood through the arteries, arterioles (smaller) and capillaries (smallest) to all body tissues. To do this forced circulating the heart has to work up a pressure, for the same reason that it takes pressure to pump water through a network of fire hoses. There are really *two* blood pressures: systolic when the heart gives each surging beat (pulse); diastolic in between beats. In healthy young people these two "blood pressures", measured in terms of how high they can hold a column of mercury, are usually 120 and 80 respectively.

Pressure is necessary to force blood through the arteries against their resistance. Here the fire hose analogy breaks down. Arteries are elastic tubes similar to rubber hose in some respects, have muscular walls and tend strongly to contract or close up. Even in good health 99 per cent of the heart's power is used up in the work of forcing arteries open against their natural tension or tendency to stay contracted.

When this arterial tension increases beyond normal, still more pressure is required to overcome it and keep the blood circulating. The load on the heart becomes heavy. Therein lies the principal danger of essential hypertension. It is foolish to picture high blood pressure as a menacing condition that may lead to death by "bursting a blood vessel". The menace—apart from complications—is to the heart. That vital organ is strained as the arterial system strangles.

ALTHOUGH science cannot yet give the cause of hypertension, research has revealed a great deal about the nature of the disease. Thus there are two main reasons why the heart must develop abnormal force in order to circulate the blood. The small arteries (arterioles) contract when the patient's mind and body are excited or otherwise stimulated; and this state of contraction may result from changes in the arterioles themselves, such as hardening of the walls or thickening of the artery muscles. At first the blood pressure returns to normal after rest or administration of drugs. Later in the course of the disease the pressure can be lessened by these influences but cannot be brought down to normal.

There is no single treatment effective for hypertension. Naturally, while the cause of the disease remains unknown, medical aid is limited to reducing the symptoms. Always the doctor tries to get the sufferer to relax by avoiding strenuous physical and emotional activity, harmful drugs like alcohol and nicotine, etc. Persons with high-pressure personalities are helped with beneficial drugs such as ethyl-isopropyl-barbituric acid, which can give a sedative effect without drowsiness. In many cases a second drug is given. Mannitol hexanitrate, for example, makes the smaller arteries dilate or "open up". This directly reduces the blood pressure and eases the strain on the heart. The problem of treating people with essential hypertension is very difficult, because of the many other conditions that may accompany the disease.

ONLY in the last few years has there been any promise of discovering the real cause of high blood pressure. The first act of this research drama began, after many fruitless attempts to raise the curtain, when Goldblatt found how to make dogs develop the disease. He did this simply by *obstructing the blood flow to the kidneys*. By this rather astonishing experiment Goldblatt at one stroke made possible controlled laboratory research on hypertension in all its stages (research on dogs) and also turned the spotlight on the kidneys as possible starting place of trouble in the arteries.

Results followed quickly. It was demonstrated that an unknown substance in the body, rather than impulses in the nervous system, caused the arteries to start contracting. A hunt for this substance located the complex chemical *renin* in the kidneys. And renin did produce hypertension when injected into animals. But very soon other research men found that absolutely pure renin did not have this effect on blood pressure. More work led to the conclusion that renin is an enzyme. It reacts upon substances in the blood to produce *angiotonin*. At first only a name for something unknown, angiotonin is now a bona fide label for a chemical that has been prepared in fairly pure form.

Where do we go from this perplexing achievement? Off on another hunt. For a chemical (anti-pressor) that will counteract the effect of angiotonin. Doctors Harrison, Grollman and Williams have already isolated such a chemical. Where? In the kidneys! This substance is capable of reducing the blood pressure in hypertensive animals and humans. But not enough of it can be extracted from kidneys to make it practical for clinical use.

PHARMACEUTICAL chemists now took a hand. At the latest meeting of the American Chemical Society, Drs. Jensen and Tenebaum of the well known Upjohn Company told how their search had taken them out to forest haunts. It seems that renin and angiotonin belong to the chemical class known as phenolic amines. It is the phenol grouping of atoms that raises blood pressure by making the arteries contract—so goes the theory. The pharmacal experts selected one type of *enzyme* as the most promising chemical destroyer of phenolic amines, including angiotonin. And the best example they could find was the enzyme tyrosinase. This stuff contains copper, a very unusual atom to find in organic molecules. It is prepared from *mushrooms*.

Patients with long standing hypertension do not show great improvement when treated with tyrosinase. However, those who have had the disease for a relatively short time do respond strikingly. The reduction in blood pressure is not complete; i.e. pressure does not come down to normal, but to moderate levels. The most optimistic fact is that tyrosinase produces the sharpest drop in blood pressure in those patients whose pressure, at time of treatment, was highest. In addition the enzyme (indirectly) improves the heart action. Patients nearly always feel better.

LOGICAL minds will by this time have jumped over tyrosinase and the Upjohn pharmacists. They will pose this question: "Suppose high blood pressure does result from some sort of upset in the balance between angiotonin and enzymes in the kidneys? Why do some people develop this upset condition? Why not investigate the kidneys themselves?"

You can trust researchers not to pass up so sure a bet. Thousands of animal and human kidneys have been examined in an attempt to relate kidney lesions with hypertension.

But high blood pressure remains "essential", in the baffling terminology of medical men. To the public this disease is very definitely non-essential. The profession heartily concurs in that sense of the word. Hypertension handicaps and kills some of our most valuable people in their prime. The immediate prospects are bright, because advances are being made in methods of treatment, and the outlook for complete solution to the hypertension problem is still brighter. But those who have the disease should remember that the holiday season is a bad one for them. To all Hypertensives: "An Easy Christmas and a Calm New Year!"

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LIGHTER MOMENTS

Who Has the Butter?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WAS the third critical day of the butter shortage and Mrs. Trimble arrived at the dairy counter to find it swept clear of everything except the usual notice: "We reserve the right to limit our customers to one pound of butter."

"But what about the customer's rights?" Mrs. Trimble demanded of the dairy clerk. "I haven't had a particle of butter for two days."

The clerk said loyally that it wasn't the company's fault, it was all the doing of the women hoarders. "I heard of one woman who had a hundred pounds of butter in her cellar," he said.

"Well, I hope they catch her," Mrs. Trimble said bitterly. . . Only they never would of course, she thought as she went on to her Red Cross meeting. That type of woman always combined cunning with low greed. She had in her mind a very clear though composite image of the type. She was the solid high-colored woman who pushed you in street-cars, who filled her house with Bingo trophies, who took possession of party-lines and thrust ahead of you in lobby line-ups. Detestable.

"I heard of a woman who had a hundred and fifty pounds of butter in her cellar," Mrs. Trimble's neighbor said at the Red Cross meeting. "Isn't it terrible the way some people seem to lose all principle?"

"Anyway it won't keep," Mrs. Trimble said. It was a comfort at least to reflect that butter deteriorated as fast as principle.

Her neighbor shook her head. "I heard she had the whole lot put down in dry ice," she said.

"She would," Mrs. Trimble said, the image of the Type taking on even larger and more hateful outlines. She knew all the angles of course and used them without scruple. "My trouble is I really need butter because of my tendency to underweight," Mrs. Trimble said pathetically.

Mrs. Trimble's tendency to underweight had long been the envy of her friends. Her neighbor, a solider type now said complacently, "I've trained myself for years to cut down on butter. I hardly miss it at all."

BY THE fourth day Mrs. Trimble was beginning to wonder how her Arden foundation cream would taste if spread on toast. She appealed to her milkman, who was pessimistic. "Fact is I haven't handled any butter for a week," he said, and added after a moment's reflection, "There's a butter shortage on."

The vegetable man who sometimes brought her fresh country eggs said he would see what he could do, but offered little hope. "It's this butter shortage they're having," he explained. "You can't hardly get butter anywhere."

On the afternoon of the fourth day Mrs. Trimble came into her chain store to see an excited crowd of women customers around the dairy counter. She hurried over and as she was small and agile she was able with a few ladylike pushes to secure a pound. She joined the long line-up to the cashier's counter and then, having paid for her butter, paused a moment just outside the wicket. After all she had been without butter for days, she was surely entitled in all honor to a butter bonus. She slipped her pound into her muff and hurried back to the dairy counter.

WHEN Mrs. Trimble came home she found two pounds of butter on the dining-room table. "I just happened to drop into the Italian fruit store as the butter came in," Mr. Trimble said. "When I told him how we'd been stuck he let me have a couple of pounds."

"Why, how nice dear!" Mrs. Trimble said and went out and tucked Mr. Trimble's two pounds along with her own into the refrigerator.

"It's a racket," Mr. Trimble explained. "I was talking to a fellow down town and he says there's plenty of butter only the packers are holding it up to crack the ceiling price."

"Why how outrageous!" Mrs. Trimble said shocked. "What is the Government doing about it?"

"What do you expect?" Mr. Trimble said, "Just sitting on its fanny as usual."

This threw an entirely new light on the situation and when next morning Mrs. Trimble found that the dairyman had actually left her a pound of Grade A dairy butter along with her milk and cream she took it in without a qualm. After all, she reflected, why should she deny herself butter merely to help Wholesale Produce spread its bread on both sides?

As it happened Mr. Trimble answered the door next day when the vegetable man called. "I sent him away," he explained when Mrs. Trimble came out into the hall. "I told him we were all fixed up with butter."

"Why you can't do that!" she said. "That butter was on order." And she hurried out to the vegetable man who was just climbing into his car.

"It was just a mistake," she explained, "Of course I'll take it after all your trouble."

"I HAD a hard time getting it," the vegetable man said, "They don't like selling it except in loose lots." He climbed back into his truck. "I could probably get you a 25-pound lot if you could use it."

"Oh, I could use it," Mrs. Trimble said, and considered. . . After all, she was the public; and hadn't she a right, even a duty, to divert butter to public use from unscrupulous private holdings. "I'll take it," she said briskly and went back into the house.

Mr. Trimble was standing in the kitchen looking thoughtfully into the refrigerator. "You'd have a lot of explaining to do if a government food inspector dropped in here," he said.

"I just wish he would," Mrs. Trimble said, adding the vegetable man's butter to her golden treasury. "I'd tell him what I thought of him and his old Government."

"You'd have to talk fast," Mr. Trimble said.

"Food inspector!" Mrs. Trimble said scornfully. . . Only it *would* crowd the refrigerator, she was thinking. Maybe she'd better put the butter downstairs in the fruit cellar which was airy and cool—well, comparatively cool. After a moment she joined Mr. Trimble in the living room. "By the way," she said, "you don't happen to know who the people are who manufacture dry ice, do you?"

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Later, in the evening, comes the time for living over other Christmases. On the home movie screen, each holiday unfolds: the new baby's first Christmas; the year when Christmas morning was bright with the beauty of falling snow; the Christmas when Jack came home, after his first long absence; Mary's last Christmas at home before she was married . . .

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THE HITLER WAR

Hitler's Fortress Has No Roof

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ROMMEL'S retreat from El Agheila restores fluidity to our Mediterranean campaign, which now enters its second phase. There was never any question as to whether we could pass El Agheila; the only question was how big a stand Rommel would attempt there.

Could he keep the bulk of his army at El Agheila when his main base, Tripoli, 500 miles to the rear, was menaced from both south and west, by a Fighting French column pressing northward from Lake Chad, and an Anglo-American force cutting corner-wise across Tunisia? The supply problem at El Agheila, too, was just as difficult as it had been at Alamein. Everything had to be brought forward along the single coastal highway, which came under heavier and heavier strafing as our air squadrons moved up. To protect his unloading ports and his supply lines, as well as his army, Rommel needed a whole new air force, which Hitler could not spare him.

There was, besides, the question of what new strategic plan Hitler had improvised for North Africa. Did he intend to try to hold on to a strip extending from the Tunisian-Algerian border as far as El Agheila? Or was he going to try to hold merely a bridgehead around Tunis and Bizerta, and get Rommel's army into this?

I have thought for some weeks he would try to do the latter. It is hard to see how he could hope to hold Tripoli and a line reaching back to Bizerta. Through landings at Sousse, Sfax and Gabès, it is true that the Germans have kept open such a line to date, against the threat of our column which was reported weeks ago advancing from Algeria across the "waist" of Tunisia, towards the Gulf of Gabès. But it is doubtful if this line of escape can be held open for Rommel for more than a few weeks more.

If one of Hitler's motives in going into Tunis and Bizerta was to save the remainder of Rommel's army, what other motives might he have had? Three are discernible. The chief one must have been to delay us in consolidating our position in North Africa and developing our offensive against Italy or Southern France, while he made his dispositions to meet or counter our new threat.

Another motive must have been to postpone for as long as possible the opening of the Mediterranean to our shipping to the Middle East, Russia and India, an event which would wipe out at a stroke from one-third to one-half of his U-boat successes for the past year.

That would be a heavy blow to Hitler, as we must remember that the U-boat war represents one of his greatest efforts, and his greatest hope of preventing Britain and the United States from bringing their potentially great strength to bear upon him. His other motive for going into Tunisia might be to distract our attention from a counter-stroke through Spain.

This brings up the still broader question of what Hitler's strategy is going to be for the whole Mediterranean theatre in the coming phase of the war. Is he going to strike back hard at us through Spain or Turkey? Or has he gone over to a defensive strategy, designed to discourage us into believing that the conquest of the "Fortress of Europe" would be such a long and costly process, during which a large part of the people we are trying to rescue would perish, that it would be better to come to a compromise now?

As for an attack through Turkey, the time when this might have had a major effect on the outcome of the war has passed. One of the German claws reaching for the Middle East has been chewed off completely, while the other is scratching in vain at the mighty barrier of the Caucasus.

Feint Against Turkey

There is more reason now than ever before to believe that the Turks would fight; and our 9th Army in Palestine and Syria, our 10th Army in Iraq and Persia, and our Army of the Nile which was formed to guard the Delta last summer are all free to help them. The weather on the Anatolian plateau is severe in winter. To begin a campaign in Turkey now would be to shift large armies further away from where they will be needed next summer, to meet the Anglo-American invasion of Western Europe.

Besides, it seems doubtful if Hitler could provide such an expedition with adequate air support to challenge the well-established might of our Middle Eastern air power. Therefore I think that what we will see in this quarter is not action, but threats, such as "news" of troop movements in the Balkans and the Dodecanese Islands intended to tie down our large Middle Eastern armies and air power.

A German counter-stroke in Spain must, however, be considered quite possible. It offers the sort of bold strategic answer to our intrusion into the Western Mediterranean which Hitler would have seized upon eagerly in an earlier day.

A sudden shift of air power from Southern France to Spanish Morocco, the Canaries, Lisbon and Corunna; an aerial grab at the Azores; a siege of Gibraltar by German and Spanish guns; a quick dash by German armored units across Spain and the Straits of Gibraltar to cut the French North African rail trunk line, and put our armies in Algeria and Tunisia "in the bag", without land or sea supply connection, except for the extremely hazardous run through the gun-lined Straits of Gibraltar or the Central Mediterranean "bomb alley"—that is what one would have expected of Hitler, before he went to Moscow and Stalingrad.

Franco Wants Stalemate

One need not doubt the reports which say that modern airfields have been prepared in Spanish Morocco and the Canaries, on the Portuguese border and in the Balearics, with the help of German engineers; and that German-made long-range guns have been emplaced opposite Gibraltar and along both sides of the Straits. General Franco's whole sympathy lies with the Fascist side; he expressed his contempt for liberalism and democracy anew in last week's speech, and he must be concerned over what would happen to his fascist regime if we were to win, and, what is more, if Soviet Russia were to have a big hand in the European settlement.

Nevertheless, Franco has shown no eagerness for an overwhelming German victory. He has never been as keen about pagan National Socialism as his brother-in-law and former Foreign Minister Serrano Suner and

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other Falangists. He didn't pitch in and aid a German victory in 1940 or '41 though Hitler called Suner to Berlin during the Battle of Britain and travelled all the way to the Spanish frontier a few weeks after, probably to call on Franco to "choose sides" and join in the Mediterranean campaign of the coming spring by closing the Straits of Gibraltar. Even to help Hitler against Russia, the power which Franco hates and fears above all, the Spanish dictator has only sent one division.

All this argues that he wants to keep out of the war, and would prefer a stalemated result rather than an overwhelming victory even by "his", the fascist, side. If he possessed the military power to tip the balance he might help Germany and Italy now that we are beginning to get the better of things; but he does not. He is ruler of a country which has fought through its own three years' war, which is desperately poor and hungry, has its industry and transport half ruined, and is full of bitter enemies of the government.

They Invented "Guerrilla"

Franco's policy and Spanish conditions may not, in the event, be decisive. Hitler's armies stand on the Pyrenées, and can break into Spain at their master's will. Yet if the Germans enter Spain against the wishes of its government and people they will not gain the same facilities. Instead of gaining the aid of the large army in Spanish Morocco, they might find their crossing of the Straits of Gibraltar resisted; and the same in the Canaries and Balearics. They might also find the Spanish guns opposite Gibraltar spiked, and meet with a gradually growing resistance all over the country by that fierce, primitive people who gave us the word "guerrilla".

In place of another ally, poor but with a dominating strategic position, he would find himself with another large territory to police, and further long supply lines and invasion coast to protect. Besides, *for the proper exploitation and defence of the Spanish position Hitler would need air power, above all.* Has he the air power to back up such a move properly? Already it is spread very thin in trying to cover the great quadrilateral Bizerta-Brest-North Cape-Caucasus.

It is a very real question whether Hitler can expand any further. For nearly two months now, in fact, his propaganda has been switched over to the idea of defending the "Fortress of Europe", which he now claims to hold solidly.

The idea was launched by the leading German editorial writer, Rudolf Kircher, of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, late in October. And in his Beer Hall speech, the day we landed in North Africa, after he had been defeated in Egypt and frustrated at Stalingrad and in the Caucasus, though he promised a counter-blow "in due time", he also said, for the first time I can recall, that "after all, the defensive is still cheaper."

The general scheme of defence of this "Fortress of Europe" was also outlined in this speech. Answering the question which "many a man" was now asking, "Why do we now battle so far in the distance?", he said that "we want to keep the war as far from our homeland as possible; we want to save the fatherland from the fate which only some German cities are suffering now—and must live through." "It is better, therefore, to hold the front a thousand or two thousand kilometers away from the borders of the Reich than to hold such a front perhaps on the borders of the Reich."

According to this conception one would expect Hitler to try to hold a strong line deep in Russia, to keep the dreaded Bolsheviks far away from the Reich and permit the exploitation of conquered Russian resources—another leading element in current Nazi propaganda. One would expect him to hold a series of strong outposts along his northern flank, in Norway; and the redoubtable "Westwall" along the Channel.

In the South, although his propaganda now speaks of a "Southwall", there is, in fact, no such defence except along the line of the Alps, which would bring the fighting to "the borders of the Reich." All that seems possible in the Mediterranean and Italy, in view of the demands of the Russian and Channel fronts, is a delaying action.

Thus, the bridgehead in Tunisia would be used chiefly to delay our assault on Italy and delay the moment when we can reopen the short Mediterranean route to our shipping. When we land in Italy that country would be used by the German Army for a further prolonged delaying action, eventually ending at the line of the Alps.

Deflecting Our Bombs

In delaying our conquest of Italy, Hitler would also be prolonging the period during which our heavy bombing power was turned on his unfortunate partner and away from the sensitive German home front. Here we have the loophole in his whole "Fortress of Europe" idea. Our mighty bombing power can leap his vaunted "Westwall", and when it is established in Northern Italy, it will leap his "Southwall."

I meet some people who ask why the heavy Cologne-type raids against German cities have been discontinued, and why, in particular, Berlin has not been smashed.

It may be argued after the war that moderate-sized raids on Berlin, such as Shirer suggested, not every night, but perhaps every week from 1940 onwards, would have been the best bombing policy. But from the experience of its own raids, and of the German raids on Britain, Bomber Command went over from the policy of jabbing to that of the knockout blow, attack on a scale which blanketed the defences and dealt a crippling blow to the public utilities, transportation and housing of the city-objective.

To strike such blows against Berlin will require an enormous bomber force, and will mean heavy losses. I am as disappointed as anyone that it has not been done yet, as I believe it will have a profound political and psychological effect on the Germans. Yet I can see a number of reasons why it has been postponed.

Berlin's Turn Coming

Because of the diversion of many British heavy bombers to transport use and U-boat hunting, and the spreading of American bombing power all over the world, our striking force in Britain has not grown as fast as was hoped. Indeed, it has not kept up with our aircrew training. Then it requires many more bombers to strike a blow against Berlin equivalent to that against Cologne, because the objective is so much larger.

Berlin's defences may be expected to be formidable, too, and our bombers will have to fight their way deep into Germany and back out again against night fighter opposition all the way. The cost will be heavy, and it would only be reasonable if Bomber Command were waiting on the building up of a strong American striking force, to ensure that the blow is decisive.

Meanwhile Bomber Command, after the heaviest month's attacks it ever made on Germany, in September, and recuperation in October, has switched its activities against Italy to couple them more directly with our present military moves. I expect that next summer we will see Bomber Command's blows — and those of the American Bomber Force —similarly coupled with our military assault on Germany. That doesn't mean, however, that there won't be occasional raids, or even sizeable offensives, in the meantime, to remind the Germans that their "Fortress" has no roof.

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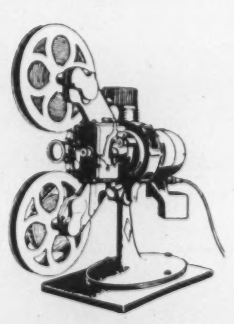

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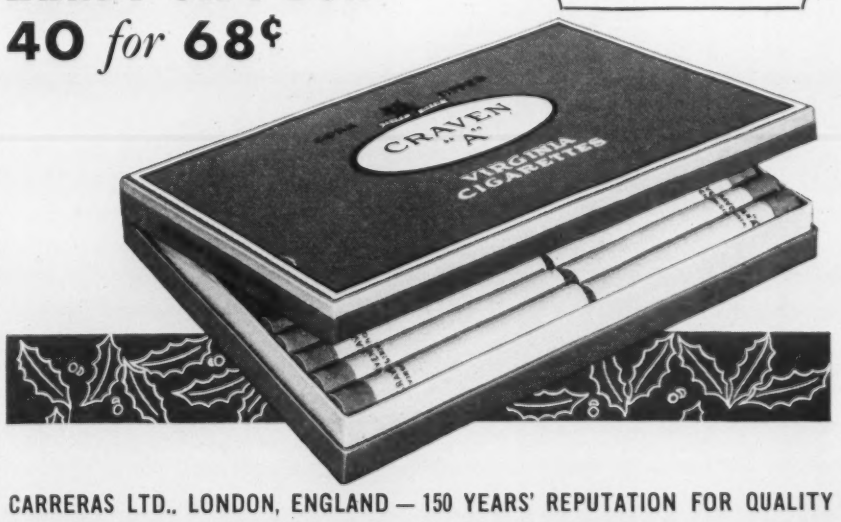

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AFTER THE WAR

Federal Powers Are Essence of Canada's Problem

BY MAXWELL COHEN

This is the first of a series of several articles by an economist well known to Canadian readers, who has specialized for several years on the effects of the greatly enlarged impact of the political authority in economic functions.

Canada, Mr. Cohen points out, has done less than her sister English-speaking nations to design plans for the after-war, and is more handicapped than they by the uncertainty as to where the seat of authority in economic matters will lie when the war emergency is over.

CANADA'S federal government probably has done less to stimulate post-war planning than the comparable official preparations in Australia, the United States and Great Britain.

The Committee on Reconstruction under the Department of Pensions and National Health has been armed only with a skeleton staff, and of necessity has gone to social scientists in the universities and the business world for most of its studies. Up to the present, reports have been prepared by competent men in the various fields, on building trades, meat packing, certain agricultural questions, administrative problems in economic control, constitutional difficulties, and other subjects. At the same time a series of sub-committees on water powers, re-employment facilities, construction projects and agriculture have begun to lay the basis for detailed studies, while the Committee itself is now attempting to develop working relations with opposite numbers already established in some provinces, notably British Columbia.

In addition the Committee has tried, without too much success, to get some interdepartmental discussion in Ottawa on many subjects, in order to draw from some of the top civil servants a general agreement as to the course of research which will be most useful for any post-war planning, and perhaps also the preparation of draft legislation which can reasonably be expected to meet certain foreseeable post-war needs.

The plain political truth is, of course, that the present Government is not disposed to devote, at what is considered to be a premature period, the energy or the personnel to the study of post-war problems. The generally uninspired quality of the membership of the Committee on Reconstruction suggests just how important is its real political position.

At the same time some of the lines of the Committee's thinking seem to be clear, and that thinking is supplemented by the enthusiastic public debate of many Canadian groups over the foreseeable difficulties of the post-war. That public thinking appears to be directed to certain broad and fundamental issues which touch the whole of the Canadian economy and the relationship of that economy to the outside world. Indeed, the keystone in the arch of the growing debate is the concept that the post-war must be built on the giving of employment to all, on the raising of living standards, on the satisfaction of cultural and community life, and, on the international level, the participation of all peoples in some kind of world order.

Paralleling the Reconstruction Committee's work is the significant rehabilitation program already in operation under the Committee on Rehabilitation, also responsible to the Minister of Pensions and National Health. Through this, for the past eighteen months, often more than 1,500 men a month, having been demobilized from the armed services for reasons of health, are being returned to civilian life, to factories, to farms and to offices.

Troublesome Problem

But while the Committee on Reconstruction has not been encouraged at this stage of the war to deal in great detail with any long-range, vital economic issues, yet from what can be understood of its work it has already considered some of the main problems that are likely to be faced by Canada at war's end, and it has tentatively explored their implications.

Perhaps most troublesome of all, administratively, is Canada's post-war problem of federal power, for it is doubtful whether the Dominion Government will have the constitutional authority, in peace-time, as against the provinces, to take on the many tasks of post-war reconstruction on a national scale. In Canada's federal system, based upon the British North America Act, certain specified powers have been vested in the Dominion and others in the provinces, with the residue left to the Dominion. Practically all of the economic controls now in operation, in some aspects, would seem, without doubt, to be within the scheme of "property and civil rights" in the provinces. The customs tariff, export and import control, all forms of taxation, Unemployment Insurance, foreign exchange regulation and a certain limited authority over businesses having a national, international or interprovincial character as well as those under the Dominion Companies Act, are, of course, clearly legitimate areas of federal legislation. But, for the rest, were it not for a judicial doctrine of "emergency power", validating the War Measures Act, these controls would today probably be beyond the power of the Dominion Government.

Lessons of the War

It is now recognized by students of the problem that there is only one efficient way of preparing in advance for the dangerous possibility of an early, post-war judicial decision declaring that, the "emergency" being over, the War Measures Act has therefore ceased to be good law. The patriotism of war-time might provide an ideal atmosphere in which to introduce, after a Dominion-Provincial conference, a series of amendments to Canada's constitution, amendments that would provide for granting certain powers to the Dominion Parliament under emergency conditions *short of a state of war*. These amendments would try to cover such matters as price and wage control, agricultural supply regulation, rationing and allocation of all types of goods, the control of industrial equipment as well as of the movement of labor, and so on along the scale of economic power.

Such a constitutional repair job would only clear the decks for executive action by the federal government. It would only provide the sanctions to enforce a policy. There would have to be a policy. It is clear even now that a post-war policy for Canada necessarily will be one that owes much of its character to the lessons of the war itself. For the war has telescoped a generation of economic thinking and experimentation into three short years. The pioneering inquiries and concepts of Lord Keynes in Britain and, later, to some extent, of Alvin Hansen in the U.S., with their new emphasis on the relationship between the rate of investment on the one hand and production, employment and national income on the other, have found in the war economies of Britain, Canada, Australia and now of the United States, a proving ground for these ideas. The unending expansion of plant, equipment and sources of raw materials for the making of war supplies and the unlimited "market" for these supplies have, in less than three years, thrown unemployment out of the working experience of Canada; and, too, these experiences have demonstrated that a continuing rate of high employment physically is possible.

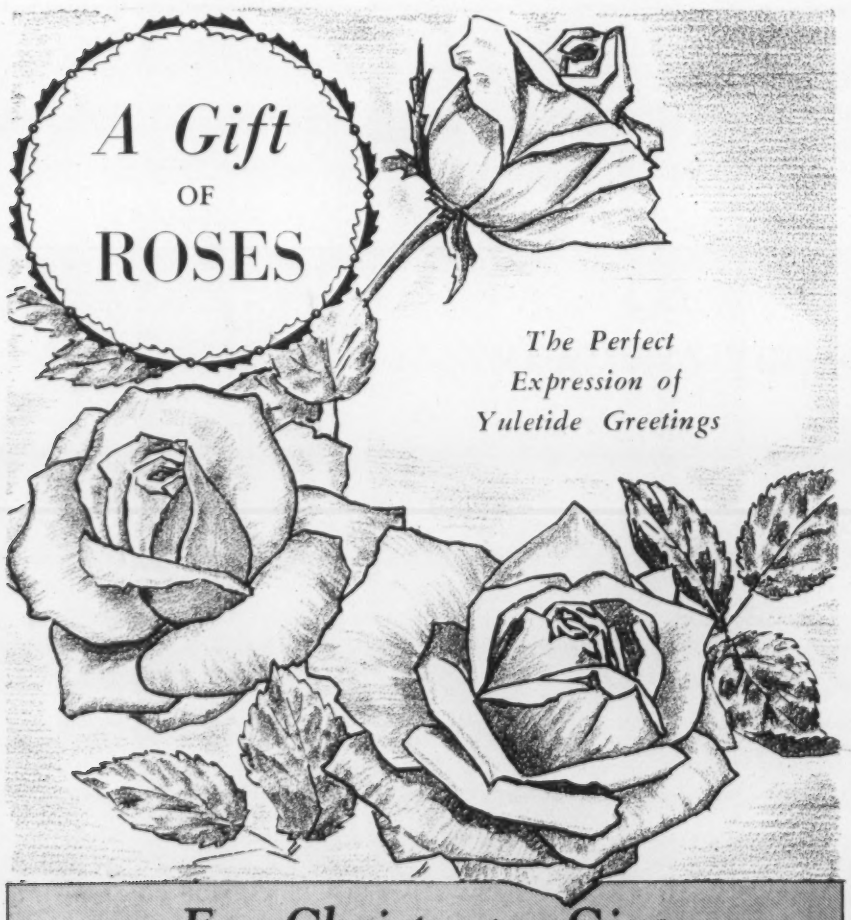
Undoubtedly, however, for that high level of employment Canadians are paying a price. For the great rate of wartime public spending (in 1942 about 4.2 billions out of a national income estimated at 7.2 billions) has been made possible only through a severe tax and savings load with its reduction of consumption, supplemented by sharp and restrictive controls on prices, wages, as well as on the use of raw materials, labor and plant. But what would be the effect on consumption if the national energy were so completely devoted to non-war consumer goods?

Post-War Complexities

But, it is pointed out, because the war has been substituted for the "market", an infinite number of complex problems at home and abroad, problems of "incentive", of cost of "competition", of taxation, of political pressure groups, all have been disposed of with one sweep of the war-maker's blade. What will happen, however, when peace returns, when the war yields its place again to the "market" as the dominant drive and objective in the workings of the Canadian economy—unless it is assumed that Canada and the United Nations will function as "collectivist" societies in a post-war world, an assumption for which there is little or no evidence despite the degree of state control that now operates in the English speaking world?

Indeed, there is every reason to believe that even with a substantial degree of economic regulation there will continue to operate wide areas of free enterprise, "competition" and the "market" within a community where extensive regulation also is employed. But what will then justify a high rate of public spending? What will that spending be directed to? What "incentives" will there be for business readily to accept a heavy excess profits tax, a price ceiling, government supervision of costs, restrictions on production and on foreign trade, government owned and operated production units, all of which may be required by any large scale social planning? What "incentives" in the post-war, with "patriotism" and the war fleeing into memory, will convince the Canadian consumer and taxpayer to accept a high rate of taxation, of compulsory savings, the diversion of a large section of his national income to public spending, and the maintenance of a huge Civil Service personnel to carry on with the administration of a program no less complicated and detailed than were the requirements of the war itself?

These are the broad questions that immediately may present themselves once the "market" takes the place of the war as the determinent in economic conduct, questions that will go to the very root of the issue of the volume and character of public spending necessary to help speed up an "investment" rate that will give maximum employment.



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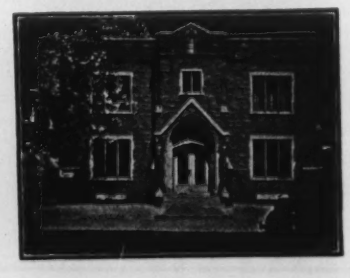

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Portrait of a Canadian

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

It taught him the German is a tough fighter and it also convinced him that under the proper conditions he can lick the Hun.

He shares the world admiration for the Russian soldier and he follows the news from the Eastern Front with tremendous interest. But he can't understand the second front mass meetings. He is willing to trust Andy McNaughton on that question. And if you prod him further on the question, he is inclined to recall that Britain could have used a second front in 1940.

He is a neat soldier. Probably the neatest in all the British Isles. He has never been allowed to forget that he is a walking advertisement for Canada.

He has become pally with the Americans. He likes them and they like him, mostly because they speak the same language. He has done a great deal to make the Americans feel at home in Britain. He is highly conscious of the function as liaison between the doughboy and the tommy.

He would like a walking-out uniform (like the Americans have) and also more money. He has clamored for neither only because he feels action is imminent which cancels out everything else.

He likes English girls, and English girls make no secret of liking him. There will be thousands of English war brides coming to Canada after the armistice.

Above all, he thinks a good deal about Canada and his future within it. He feels that by fighting for Canada he is earning a share in the running of the country and he is going to claim that share when the war is over. He is inclined to believe his father didn't get all that was coming to him after the last war. He figures he is smarter than his old man and he is determined not to make the same mistake.

THIS correspondent has just returned from a visit to several towns in the "Canadian area." These towns have become a second home to the Canadian soldier, so often does he spend his short leave in them. He knows their shops and their streets, their people and their customs, just as though he had lived there a great many years. And the people of these towns like the Canadian soldier. "It will be a grand day when the war is over," one shopkeeper said to me, "but it will be lonesome around here when the Canadians go."

What does the Canadian soldier talk about? Think about?

Here is a composite portrait of the Canadian drawn from the dozens of lads in these towns.

HE WOULD like to see some action. He is not morose about his inactivity. He hasn't the time to become morose because he is kept busy learning brand new tactics. But he joined up for travel and adventure. The novelty of England has worn off and the adventure is still forthcoming. His greatest day will be when his C.O. tells him he is pushing off to meet the enemy.

He is greatly aware that the Americans, Australians, South Africans and British have already gone into action. Especially the Americans. He is sensitive about that.

He thinks Andy McNaughton is the best general in the world and the grandest commander any army ever had. If he got into trouble, he would rather go up before Andy McNaughton than before his unit commander.

He believes he is being held for some very special job. If he is not too impatient it is because he trusts Andy to provide the proper opportunity at the proper time. But he wishes he could have figured in the North African show.

In any discussion of the Canadians in action, he falls back on Dieppe. Even if he wasn't one of the Dieppe lads he knows every last detail of the operation. It is the pride of his career as a soldier. If it weren't for Dieppe, his morale would be in a bad fix.

HE IS a better Canadian than he ever was back at home. He studies every last scrap of news from the Dominion. When a newspaper from home arrives at his unit, it is worn out from thumbing. He even reads the editorials.

He doesn't like politicians.

In many ways he is closer to his family than he ever was when he lived at home. He joined up, among other reasons, to get away from the home town routine, from his mother's anxious attentions, and from his sister's chatter about her boy friends. Now he spends two hours musing over a letter from his sister, and would give a month's pay for a ten-minute stroll down main street.

He likes the English. They've been swell to him. He thinks they're the finest people in the world. But, boy oh, boy, it will be wonderful getting back to Canada.

He's got the cigarette situation well in hand. But he doesn't get enough letters from home, and particularly from his pals in the shop where he used to work. He hopes they haven't forgotten about him there.

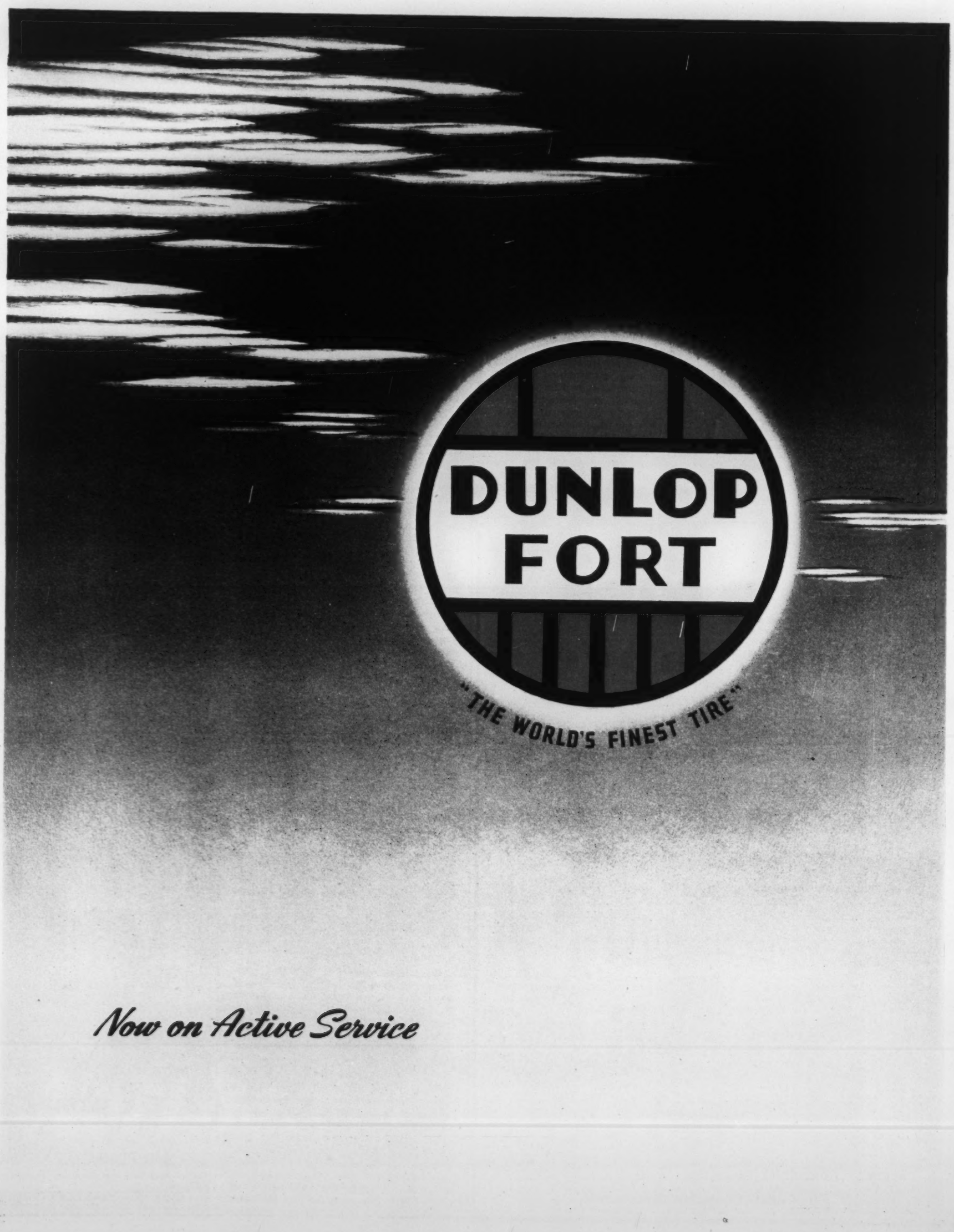
He is satisfied with his food and comforts. Particularly the food. The food isn't fancy. But it's good and there is no limit on the number of helpings. He has gained about 20 pounds since he got to England and it's all muscle.

HIS hate for the German is solid. He has a vivid idea of what this war is all about. He believes thoroughly in the fight. He is burning to avenge his pals at Dieppe.

This business of Nazi invincibility doesn't bother him. He is convinced he is a better fighting man than the German. When he goes into action he doesn't want to see Italians in front of him. They're pushovers. He wants to come up against the German.

It is not that he is foolhardy. He is on the whole a rather cautious lad and he has a wholesome desire to return home in one piece. On the other hand, he doesn't want to return home without having accomplished the job he set for himself and that is to beat the German.

Dieppe gave him a good balance.



Progressive Conservatives on the Middle Road

BY ARMOUR MACKAY

An "invisible audience" of the Fighting Forces of Canada, destined soon to return to their homes—and their polling places — determined the decisions of the Winnipeg Convention, and obliterated old hostilities.

The delegates were sincere, the leader is no puppet, the "Old Guard" has learned from the experience of Britain. The future will tell.

But whatever the Progressive Conservative party's fate may be, its emergence at this critical moment in the nation's history has done good. It is the proof that Canada does not have to choose merely between Extreme Left and Extreme Right.

WHAT does the Conservatives' convention at Winnipeg mean for Canada?

Their words are known. Are they sincere?

If sincere—will they be believed by the voters?

On the answers to the last two questions turns the shape of things in Canada for the next ten years at least.

For the political temperature of Canada—the pace and manner of social change—turns on the fate of the Progressive Conservative party. If the party fails, the country is left with what many regard as a choice between laissez faire and socialism; and there is disturbing evidence from both sides to suggest that the gap may be beyond the education of Canadians to cross without wasteful strife. If the party lives and gathers strength, Canadians are offered a middle road, with all that that means to the hope of amicable, efficient advance.

Do the Progressive Conservatives mean what they say?

The question recalls words spoken a few weeks ago over a tavern table in Guelph. The speaker was a Canadian airman, back from two years overseas for a course, before going overseas again. His hearer was an Ontario delegate. "You are going out to the convention," the airman said; "tell them this:

"We are over there fighting for something. We are going to win. And we are coming home to make sure that we get it."

That message, in a hundred forms, dominated the convention.

The Invisible Audience

"Remember this" said a young lieutenant to a group of delegates on a train from Vancouver. "A lot of the boys who were at Dieppe never did have a chance to get a job in civilian life."

There was an invisible audience in the Winnipeg auditorium last week —sons, daughters, brothers, friends, countrymen of the delegates, Canadians, in daily danger of death or mutilation for their country.

That audience was invisible—but it was never forgotten. It was the drive in the convention, and is the key to the drama told of by the daily press and the radio. Policy; the long, tense struggle over leadership; and the final, independent choice of Mr. Bracken—all were dominated by it.

There was no patience for old divisions. When—once—a Belleville man went off at a tangent to attack Quebec there was a mutter from the ranks of Ontario that rose to a chorus of "Shame!", "Sit down!" and boos from all over the convention floor, until the speaker broke off with "There don't seem to be many agree with me," and withdrew. At once, he was given the lie by a Nova Scotia lady and a Montreal *"Anglais."*

When a spokesman for the Property Owners Association of Toronto and Ontario, objecting to a clause protecting members of the armed forces against injury to their civil rights, enlarged on the "great law of property," he was incongruous. He was answered by the applause that greeted Col. George Drew's words in rebuttal "We must take legal steps to ensure that a man's loyalty should not penalize his family because he saw his duty and did it."

When Col. Drew himself became a lone voice of old-style Toryism, he drew a similar reproof. The inspired phrase "British partnership" written into the Conservative Creed last week may be recognized in the perspective of history as one of the chief works of the convention. And "compulsory national service," another. When, after an ovation in the last hours of the convention, Col. Drew used his time to go back to the words "conscription" and "Empire," he lost his audience.

No one who sat through the convention and mingled with the delegates can doubt their sincerity. They were out to find and adopt a policy and a leader to cure the ills of Canada, to build a united nation, while preserving the greatest possible degree of individual freedom. For many of the delegates, political expediency was an also-ran.

The "Old Guard"

What of the Old Guard?

Why did they bring out Mr. Bracken? Do they accept the new leader and policy, as the lesser of two evils, the other being a C.C.F. victory? Or do they accept them now in order quietly to nullify them later?

Time will tell. But three things are clear:

(1) There is evidence, some of which this writer has seen, to suggest that the Old Guard — of the party, at least, if not also of Canadian industry and finance—have consciously decided that three-quarters of the loaf is better than no bread. Sceptics may be reminded that this is the established strategy of the Old Guard's peers in the United Kingdom.

(2) John Bracken is the new leader, with his policy on the record. To those of us who have watched him for twenty years in Manitoba, that means much. Any man who thinks he can make a puppet of Mr. Bracken is in for a sad awakening. In the words of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, "If they have any such idea, they do not know John Bracken."

(3) There is a war on. Never before has a major Canadian party chosen a policy and leader in wartime. That invisible audience will one day come marching home, passionate for reform and disciplined to working together. Join them in the Progressive Conservative party with the men of 1914-18—who set the tone of the Winnipeg convention,—and he who hopes to turn them will have forgotten 1919.

What of Wheat?

Did the eastern delegates really accept the principle of parity, and a stated price?

This was the one point on which the convention did not reach agreement, which will have to be worked out in local discussions. The fault is that of Mr. H. R. Milner, of Edmonton, the joint general chairman. It will be well for Canada if the fact is recorded now. Due to his mishandling of the main policy session, many of the delegates and of the press did not know the meaning of the wheat vote when it was taken. Over a clamor of protest and over a personal appeal by L. W. Fraser, president of the Nova Scotia party association, Mr. Milner choked off debate by adjourning the session, and did not re-open the subject later.

From the trend of discussion, though, and the reports of committeemen, there appears to have been unexpected support for parity but objection to naming a price in dollars and cents which inevitably would have to be changed.

What of Quebec?

What of Quebec?

Does the party really hope to gain seats there on a platform of a total war effort with compulsory national service for duty anywhere?

The answer is "Yes—when it is compulsory national service for duty anywhere *in the interests of Canada.*"

Quebec always has been the most "militaristic" province in Canada. Compulsory military service first was written into the law of Canada from the law of Quebec. The majority in Quebec never has objected to compulsory service, as such, in 1917, 1942, or any other time. But Quebec has objected to compulsory service overseas for what their fellow Canadians consistently described as British wars.

This year, Quebec sees the United States at war—another North American nation, with notoriously North American interests. The United States finds it necessary to send its conscripted troops all over the world, in order to defend its purely North American safety. And Quebec—in touch with the world by the radio as never before—is impressed.

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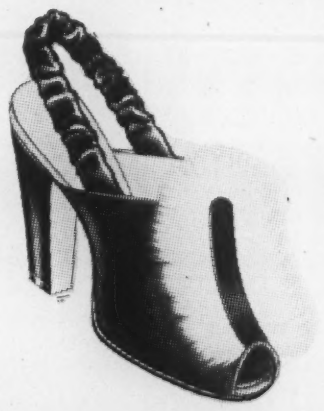

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

A Great Figure Retires

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE retirement from active public life, after a brief second term in the Conservative leadership, of the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen brings to an end a career which has no parallel in Canadian history for its disparity between ability and actual achievement, except the career of a not wholly dissimilar character, the Hon. Edward Blake, who preceded Laurier in the leadership of the other great national party. In both Blake and Meighen a certain unbendingness of character, a profound dislike for compromise, and a consequent inability to keep always on good working terms with colleagues of diverse views, were the element of character which had most to do with the ultimate lack of achievement. They were not, in their political relations, pliable men; they were in fact unpliable in the extreme. This is an admirable quality in moderation; but in the political life of a mixed country such as Canada it is not a password to the highest degrees of success. Macdonald, Laurier, Borden—these were, within reason, pliable; they knew when to bend.

Up to the moment of his assumption of the Prime Ministership and the leadership of the Conservative (then for the moment the Union) party, Mr. Meighen's career had been as brilliant and as successful as that of any statesman in the whole history of Canada, except the great leaders of the great parties. He had, and still has, an incomparable ability to plead the cause, either before the House of Commons or before the mass of the electorate, of any policy which it falls to his lot to support. Prior to July 10, 1920, when he succeeded Sir Robert Borden as Prime Minister, the determination and drafting of those policies was not wholly in his hands; and it has to be recorded that he was better at pleading a case than at constructing one. Like an older statesman of the same party, Sir George Foster, he was an excellent second-in-command of a party. Both men appeared to their friends and admirers to be *capax imperii;* but Sir George escaped the final test of having the imperium thrust upon him, a test which it is now generally believed he could not have borne with success; Mr. Meighen did not escape.

There is an element of luck at the great turning-points of the careers of even the ablest of men, and it has to be admitted that luck was hardly ever kindly to Arthur Meighen. At the moment when he took over the leadership, the policy with the memory and after-effects of which the Conservative party was chiefly associated in the minds of the electors was that of conscription; and Mr. Meighen himself had been—inevitably by reason of his absolute courage and his incomparable eloquence—the protagonist of that policy in the public mind.

The 1926 Imbroglio

But another of the contributing reasons for the Conservative defeat was unquestionably the Wartime Elections Act by which the success of the Union party in the previous general election had been assured, and for this piece of legislation Mr. Meighen could hardly avoid accepting nearly all of the responsibility. It is difficult for even the most sincere of democrats to refrain from loading the dice against his opponents in time of war if he is sincerely convinced that they cannot be relied upon to carry on the war with the same earnestness as his own party.

Mr. King himself had no working majority of the seats in this House of Commons, and at the end of five years of uneasy coalition with the Progressives he found himself compelled, by their indignation at the Customs revelations, to ask for a dissolution of Parliament. The circumstances were unusual, in that the Government was at the moment facing a vote of censure, which the dissolution would have shut off. The Governor-General, being informed by Mr. Meighen that he, Mr. Meighen, could form a Government which could carry on with the existing Parliament, refused to accept Mr. King's advice to dissolve, and called upon Mr. Meighen to form a Government. The constitutional question involved in this affair is still hotly debated, but the present writer's opinion is that Mr. Meighen was within his constitutional rights in asking that the dissolution be not granted, but committed a grave political error in doing so. For the truth was that even with the Progressive support he was barely able to command a majority in the House, and that support was not wholly reliable; but even worse was the fact that he could not bring a single actual Minister of the Crown into the House of Commons. In order to take office as a Minister, a member of the Commons has to be re-elected by his or some other constituency, which involves resigning; and the declaring of even one or two vacancies was an impossibility, since it would lead to the immediate fall of the Government. The portfolios were therefore distributed to "acting Ministers."

The Denouement

This situation eventually became more than the Progressives—who had no real interest in maintaining a Conservative Government—could stand, and they began voting once more with the Liberals, with the result that Mr. Meighen had himself to ask for a dissolution. The fact that this placed the control of the electoral machinery in his hands rather than in those of Mr. King—who would have had it if the Governor-General had granted *him* the dissolution—would no doubt have proved of some advantage in an ordinary situation; but the performance with a Cabinet composed entirely of acting Ministers who dared not go to their constituencies to get their position regularized had so disgusted the country that the Liberals were returned with a large over-all majority. Mr. Meighen, accepting full responsibility for this denouement, retired from the leadership of the party three weeks later.

The position of an ex-leader, and particularly of one who has become an ex-leader mainly owing to his own error of judgment at a critical juncture, is obviously an unhappy one. Mr. Meighen's great abilities and equally great ambitions could hardly be satisfied in the tasks of a Commissioner of the Ontario Hydro; and when Mr. Bennett looked to him as the most obvious suggestion for strengthening the debating power of the Conservative party in the Senate, after Mr. King's "Not a five-cent piece" speech and the depression had combined to drive the Liberals out, it was not surprising that he could not find it in his heart to refuse. Even here he was however pursued by misfortune; for Mr. Bennett in one of his most unguarded utterances in the Commons allowed it to be understood that his chief object in sending Mr. Meighen to the Senate was to secure the expulsion of the three Senators whose names had been mentioned in connection with the Beauharnois transactions. There can be little doubt that his influence in that Chamber was materially lessened by this circumstance, and by certain personal bitternesses which not unnaturally developed out of it.

The same combination of ill fortune and ill judgment was to attend the next move. The circumstances under which Mr. Meighen was induced to resign from the Senate and to assume the leadership of the Conservative party, and to run once more for a seat in the Commons, are too fresh in the memory to be recited here. The design was one which could only have been justified by success, and its failure was complete. Mr. Meighen himself was in no way responsible for the design, and was only induced to lend himself to it out of a profound sense of duty with perhaps a slight admixture of personal hostility for one or two of the men whom it was hoped to drive out of power.

If the Conservative party had had a great leader during the period from the resignation of Sir Robert Borden to the present time, Mr. Meighen could have had a brilliantly successful career as his lieutenant. Honesty, sincerity, conviction, energy, immense oratorical power, an unrivalled memory for persons and events—all these he possesses in the highest degree. He knows the technique of parliamentary procedure and election conduct as few politicians do. He has a great capacity for making friends—and an equal capacity for retaining enemies. But his judgment in moments of crisis has let him down at several crucial points in his life, and Fate has not been kind to him.

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Theatre Dry-Rot on Tour

QUICKSILVER, a novel by Fitzroy Davis. (McLeod, $3.00.)

EVELYN NAVARRE and company, in a revival of *Romeo and Juliet*, go on the road, the company consisting of six notables, an eminent director and a score of unimportants, male and female. Among the unimportants is an assistant director with ambitions, a young comedian of an ex-wealthy family, and College-trained, whose love-affair with a social personage has gone ashore, and whose frustration reveals itself in successive drinking bouts, varied by sky-larking.

The star is a glamorous nobody, with all the outward qualities of a great actress, but bad-tempered, mean and common—a beggar on horseback. The *Romeo* is not distinctive. The *Mercutio* is an English actor, too smooth to last, the *Tybalt* a gross, over-sexed graduate from a night club floor-show. Only one of the notables, Mrs. Johnston-Terry, an Irish character-actress, has the talent and the tradition of the grand stage. Only one of the unimportants, a girl of the Verona citizenry, has respect for the art of acting.

The tour is a revelation of jealousy and hate, of false love and sex, normal and abnormal, revealing the author's scorn for the profession (which he loves) and for people in the mass whom he despises.

The book is written with great distinction in style and in construction, but it is questionable if a sewer is made more attractive because the pipes are silver-plated.

For the Younger Folk

JUNGLE HAVEN, by Albert Leeds Stillman. Illustrated. (Winston, $2.25.)

GUNSMITH'S BOY, by Herbert Best. Illustrated. (Winston, $2.25.)

FASHION in boys' books doesn't change. Their main ingredient must be adventure, with little or no love to curdle the mixture. Mr. Stillman's book is so full of adventure that it almost spills out on one's desk. Consider a boy orphaned by a 'plane crash, adopted by a friendly Indian couple who also were killed, rescued from slavery by a lone prospector who "strikes it rich" before he dies and leaves all to the boy. Regard him as a student at Harvard—or somewhere—, tutoring in the Balkans, escaping the Nazis with his two young Royal pupils, marooned in a South American jungle—and so on. You can't believe it, but a boy will make the effort and enjoy himself. Also he will learn a good deal about what can be done to win a living from Nature even as the men of the Stone Age did.

Mr. Best does better in tying the adventure of his boy-hero to a definite place in a definite time. His lad is apprenticed to Gamaliel Reed, a gunsmith in New York State during the famine-year of 1816. How he saved his village from starvation by a trick and by resolute action is the meat of the book. Older persons can read this without an effort.

The Blessed Out of Doors

UNDER MY ELM, by David Grayson. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.50.)

ESSAYS on country life always create a mild homesickness among city-workers. David Grayson has been playing on this organ for years, pulling out the *vox humana* stop often enough to get his readers in the mood to fly from busy streets forever. But mostly he uses common-sense stops; bold diapasons, which tell the truth about toils and disappointments as well as sweetness and light.

He himself deserted New York for a country life, but the word "deserted" is too strong, since in his proper person, as Ray Stannard Baker, he has been in the thick of things-literary for a generation. For ten years he was writing the official biography (in 8 volumes) of Woodrow Wilson.

In this latest collection of his "Grayson" musings he is charming and gracious as ever. Especially worthy is the essay entitled *Onion Field*; the story of his partnership with a Pole in the growing of 3½ acres of onions which were expected to sell at $2.50 a bag, but brought only 75 cents—and loss.

His experiences as a keeper of bees also are admirably told, especially since that active pursuit led him into the Bibliography of bees, and into friendship and communion with eminent bee-masters and book-lovers, living and dead.

But here we have a quarrel with him and his publishers. While quoting the quaint titles of some ancient books he says that "f's" are used for "s's," and the printers commit that solecism. The long "s" of old time is not an "f" and never was one, for the cross piece doesn't go all the way across.

The Hope of Italy

BY W. S. MILNE

THE SEED BENEATH THE SNOW, by Ignazio Silone. (Musson, $3.00.)

"I DON'T think you'll ever succeed in uprooting this proud, rebellious plant and, even if you do succeed, I don't think you can destroy the new seeds that here and there, no one knows where, perhaps in the places we least suspect, are already sprouting beneath the snow. There will always be men who are hungry, not only for food, but for justice."

These words will serve to convey the spirit of this fine novel. It is a story of Italian peasants and workmen and small shopkeepers and petty officials, set in the days when Mussolini was conquering Ethiopia. A young political idealist, hero of Silone's earlier novel, *Bread and Wine*, is a nerve-shattered fugitive from the Fascist régime. Family influence secures him an amnesty, which he rejects, and he takes flight once more. He hides among the poorest of the poor, makes friends of the outcasts, and works in the fields like a peasant. He learns that the salvation of his country is to lie, not in any political theory, but in the seeds of kindliness and tolerance, latent in his countrymen's hearts, crusted over by the suspicions and emulations and self-seekings engendered by the totalitarian state. In the end, he goes to prison for a crime he did not commit, in order to give a deaf-mute he has befriended a chance to escape.

The richness of this book lies not in its plot, nor even in its ever-present consciousness of spiritual values, although that raises and intensifies the fable. It is a book to be savoured for its salty wit, its robust characterizations, its earthy and pitying laughter. Irony and humor do not often go together, for irony flows most often in a thin bitter stream that makes mirth in the mind, but no laughter in the heart. In this book, however, one can laugh honestly and sympathetically with the characters, as well as at them. There are dozens of convincing minor figures, clearly individualized. Their words—and most of them are terrific talkers—pour forth. The book reminds one of Gogol in its kindly but devastating pictures of petty bureaucrats on the rampage while peasants and shopkeepers say "Yes, indeed!" in chorus.

I cannot feel that the sudden and tragic ending is artistically necessary, nor the heroine's long masquerade convincingly motivated. The lost confession that turns up in the last chapter is an irritating device. But the novel is big and robust enough to be triumphant over such flaws of plot. Its characterizations, its dialogue, its humor, the full-flavored gusto of its irony, and its spiritual implications all combine to make this a notable book. It should aid in the better understanding of a great and childlike people who have been grotesquely and tragically misled.

Adventure

NIGHT BOAT, and other Tod Moran Mysteries, by Howard Pease. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.35.)

SEA-STORIES for boys, each with a detective-tale slant and an adventurish quality. A number of these tales were first printed in *The American Boy*.

Novels of Much Promise

BY STEWART C. EASTON

NEARER THE EARTH, by Beatrice Borst. (Macmillans. $3.00.)

VOYAGE OF THE HEART, by Virginia Creed. (Collins. $3.00.)

IT IS a truism to say that man is primarily intellectual and analytical, while women are primarily emotional and intuitional. So most novels by women—and men—are partially incomplete, true, but from a one-sided point of view. Few women, especially young women, see themselves sufficiently clearly to be able to write objectively of cause and effect in their characters who will necessarily be compounded largely from their own feelings and experiences.

The writers of both these books have made great efforts to think clearly about themselves. Miss Borst is the more successful. *Nearer the Earth*, which has been awarded the Avery Hopwood Prize for 1942, is absolutely excellent. Scene after scene rings true, and the reader is able to perceive the growth of Karen, the heroine, to maturity, and he is enabled to see the psychological cause behind each single action. Yet never does the author become aridly intellectual. She is a true artist since she allows us to see for ourselves, by the choice of her detail and incident. Even the ending, which may to some seem a little abrupt, possesses the supreme merit of truth. A most notable book.

Miss Creed's book, on the other hand, is only promising; it is not in itself an achievement. Elise, the heroine, goes on a honeymoon cruise with a husband whom she does not love. Very subtly we are allowed to see just why she does not love him, and the peculiar complexes of her character. A well-known psychiatrist is acting as a ship's doctor on the cruise, and he tries to help her to know herself. That his explanation of her character is not satisfactory to a reader is due to the fact that the author has overestimated a passing phase, and taken it to be the coming of a settled maturity. Miss Creed has clearly written this book while illuminated by her perception of this phase. But her subtlety and power of analysis are so marked and certain that she is bound to see through it in time. So I look forward to her next book with considerable interest.

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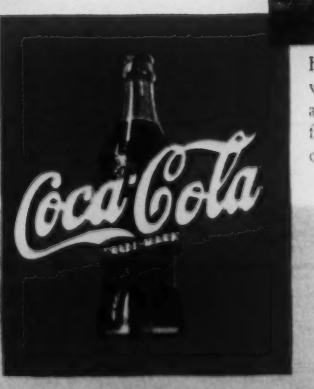

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Strong Looking Hat

BY CLARA BROWN

THIS isn't the place to tell how it happened, but the rector's wife had five dollars to spend. Now she had a perfectly good hat, at least what one might call "a covering for the head"—a long strip of material which when wound around the head in the correct manner is called a "turban." But the worst of it was that "the correct manner" most times eluded her, especially when she was in a hurry, which was pretty nearly all the time. And so when the rector's wife appeared in public, her hat was usually hanging over one ear or sliding down the back of her neck, or else one end had come out and was hanging down her back.

Words and Music

So the rector said: "Buy yourself a new hat." Which was music in the ears of the rector's wife, as any one of them will tell you. It is music in the ears of any woman.

So she thought she would. But then she thought of the First Child. She needed new leggings. And then she thought of the Second Child. He needed a new suit. And the Five Dollars would just about cover both, if she were careful. And perhaps if she practised diligently, she *might* learn how to put that turban on right.

So she put it to friend husband. But he put both feet down hard, and said, "If you don't buy yourself a new hat now, I will never let you hear the last of it."

Frivolous and Sedate

So a shopping date was arranged and in due course the rector's wife appeared in the hat department of a large department store, in the $2.98 to $5.00 section, looking a little excited and a little flustered too. With each hand she was hanging on to a child, while her eager gaze roved over the confusing and multitudinous array of hats, veiled and unveiled, frivolous, and a few—a very few—sedate.

She seated herself at a fitting table and was attended politely by an agreeable saleslady. This sympathetic person brought up one after the other and carefully put them on the head of the rector's wife, while her children gazed at her in wonder.

The Blue Hat

It took her about two minutes to pick out the two she liked the best and she told the saleslady she would await her husband and get his verdict on which of the two he liked. As yet, she didn't know which one *she* liked. One was the kind she ought to wear, as the Rector's Wife. It was black and practical. It made her look as she always looked, and well, a *little* smart too. The other—well, the other was a lovely shade of blue, with a cloud of blue veil around it, and (she fondly imagined) it made her look the way she had always wanted to look.

Unfortunately she was wearing the black one when her husband came, and as is the way with men, he liked it better because he had seen it first. And he was in a hurry, so there was no time to put them both on again and to gaze searchingly into the mirror, with all the rest of the day to make up the feminine mind. So: "I'll take the black one," she said. "I'll wear it."

Austere Black

Well, any woman can guess the rest. She wore the black one home and surely and unwaveringly began to loathe it with a great loathing. Every time she put it on, its austerity mocked her, and she saw in her mind's eye a vision (an illusion) of a beautiful woman in a blue hat with a cloud of veil around it. But alas! it was lost to her, for she had made up her mind, (or so her husband claimed) and it would be a sign of weakness to go back and get the other one, even if she could afford it.

When he saw she was really unhappy about the situation he delivered what one would call a masterly stroke of diplomacy. He said, "But darling, the moment I saw that blue hat I pictured the kind of woman who would wear it. A silly, empty face underneath it, but the black one—well, it takes a woman with a face full of character to wear *it!* You have such a strong face, you would look silly under that foolish little hat!"

Never Reconciled

Well, that's that. Not reconciled, oh no indeed, the Rector's Wife appears in public wearing the "strong-looking hat" and is outwardly happy about the whole thing. But fortunately none of the congregation can see what she is thinking— "If I ever get to Heaven and become an angel, I hope it is a place where all the angels wear blue hats with veils and my 'strong-looking' face doesn't look ridiculous. Anyway, I don't suppose anyone looks ridiculous in Heaven. And I expect I shall be able to play a harp as well with a hat on as without."

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• METHOD:—Cream shortening on No. 1 speed. Add corn syrup gradually, still at No. 8 speed. Add egg and combine well, still using No. 8. Scrape bowl and beat a few seconds. Turn back to No. 1 speed, and add sifted dry ingredients. Add oatmeal and raisins, still at No. 1 speed. Scrape the bowl and beat another min., still at No. 1 speed. Drop by small halfspoonfuls on a greased cooky sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350°F. for about 10 min.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Birthday Talent

BY BERNICE COFFEY

IF WE ARE to believe the old tale it is the fairy godmothers who rally around one's cradle who are responsible for the kind of people we eventually turn out to be. If the infant's family moves in the right circles, the benevolent fairy G.M.'s are likely to turn up with all sorts of gifts ranging from a nice disposition, good looks, talent, to a special glint in one's eye. Of course as everyone knows one of the more churlish sort of fairy godmothers sometimes crashes the party and leaves less desirable gifts.

It's a story we still find charming and not at all at odds with modern scientific theories of heredity provided one is prepared to accept the story as an allegory.

Of all the gifts at their disposal, it seems to us that the gift of a talent is one of the most certain guarantees of lasting and abiding inner happiness wherever one may be.

Evidently the fairy-godmother-in-charge-of-talents was present at Anne Sanders' cradle. Young, tall, fair-haired, English, Mrs. Sanders with her three young children has been living in Canada for almost three years. In England she studied at the Chelsea School of Art and has continued her painting career in this country. Her special love is floral subjects. With the English woman's innate feeling for growing things combined with her sensitive painting technique in the media of water color or tempera, this blossoms into the most delightful studies.

She prefers to paint her flowers in their own environment rather than that of the studio, and this probably accounts for the utterly natural feeling of her works. Last spring, for instance, she noticed a particularly fine specimen of magnolia blooming on the lawn of a Toronto house she was passing. So she got permission from the owners, and soon was seated with easel and brushes beneath the tree. The study is included in her exhibition being held at the Arts Club, Toronto. When winter settles in, her work still goes on and she continues to paint her flowers "from life" at the Allen Tropical Gardens in Toronto where she did her fine orchid study, or at florists' greenhouses.

Sometimes Anne Sanders has worked with well-known Canadian interior decorators, and her floral studies have been designed for the special purpose of tying in with the color scheme of the rooms in which they were to hang—thus becoming an integral part of the decorative scheme.

Many of the studies in her present exhibit have been lent by their owners. Next June she will take her collection to Montreal where she has been invited to hold an exhibition at the Montreal Art Gallery.

Bundling

Bundling to keep warm in chilly rooms is something new to a generation brought up in a steam-heated atmosphere. One of the newest tricks of keeping warm in New York is a long skirt of nylon fleece. It buttons around the waist, has a big pocket for the hands and another pocket into which to tuck the feet.

Tattoo and Party

What in previous years was a Christmas Party for the families of men belonging to the 7th (Reserve) Toronto Group, R.C.A., has been broadened in scope to include a Regimental Tattoo. This year when the Tattoo, followed by the Party, takes place the evening of December 19 at University Armories, the officers and men of the Regiment will be hosts not only to their own families, but also to the families of Toronto men now serving in active artillery units.

This is in line with the increased activities of the 7th (Reserve) Toronto group. This Group, consisting of the 32nd and 42nd Reserve Regiments, and the 81st Company, Royal Canadian Artillery, is not only engaged in giving the most up-to-date training for all the reserve artillery men in Toronto, but is also serving as a permanent centre for all activities revolving around overseas artillery men from Toronto and their families at home.

The evening will be full of thrills and excitement for the guests. There will be a display of Regimental Training including gun drill, batteries in action, specialists at work with range finders, directors, artillery boards, "walky-talky" portable radio sets, and so on. A stirring moment for adults as well as the small fry among those present will be a crash action with attack on a "German village." This will be followed by the giving of gifts from a giant Christmas tree and entertainment that will include music and dancing.

Those in charge of the affair include Major H. W. E. Pepler, Major J. T. Donnolly, Capt. R. H. L. Massie, Capt. H. L. Lawson, Lieut. E. W. Gillion, Major D. S. Morris, Capt. D. P. Guthrie, Lieut. C. B. Smith, Lieut. J. G. Hungerford, Lieut. C. E. Abbott, Capt. J K. McCausland, Capt. F. Maybury.

Members of the Artillery Auxiliary executive include Mrs. F. F. Arnoldi, Mrs. T. M. Medland, Mrs. Gaius Thompson, Mrs. Ken Lander, Mrs. E. O. Nigswander, Mrs. J. W. Walker, Mrs. G. B Munro, Mrs. George Watson, Mrs. H. W. Pepler.

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The utmost in the jeweller's and watchmaker's art makes a Kent diamond set wrist watch the loveliest expression of affection for Christmas.

A. Smart 18K pink gold wrist watch with rubies and diamonds. B. Handsome platinum wrist watch paved with round and baguette diamonds. C. 18K pink gold wrist watch set with cabichon rubies and diamonds, suede strap.

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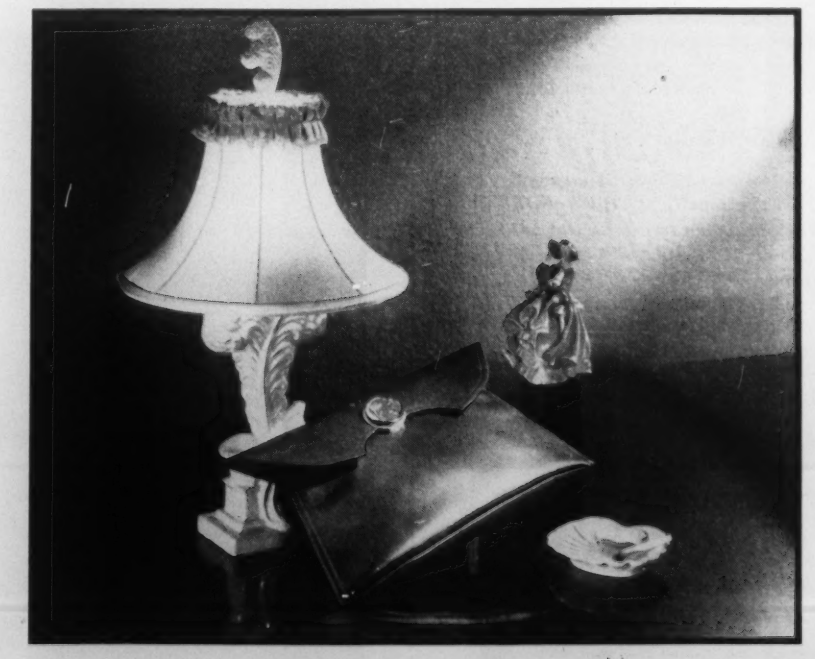

"With best wishes"—a black leather underarm bag with a well-appointed interior. Lamp of agate pottery has a base in feather design, a shade topped by "feather" finial. Royal Doulton's "Top o' The Hill", sea blue ash tray make all of these appealing accessories. Kent's Limited.

Blue Grass Set—Flower Mist; soft Dusting Powder and 3 Sachets of Blue Grass, $4.50.

Bath Gift Box—June Geranium Bath Soap with handy Bath Mit and a fragrant bottle of either Hand-O-Tonik, Flower Mist or Bath Oil; $3.00.

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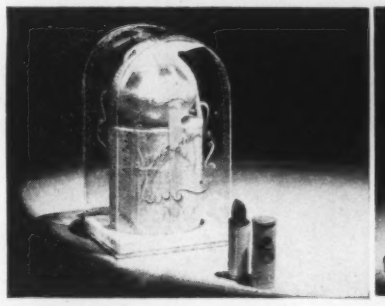
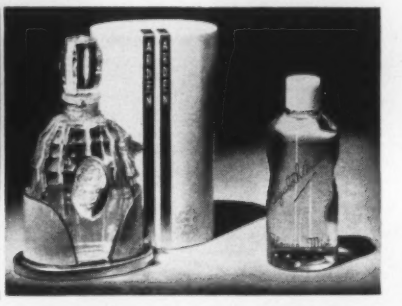
Gifts of Enchantment, created by Elizabeth Arden, are as exciting to give as to receive. They carry with them the prestige of Elizabeth Arden's name and her understanding of true loveliness. Every woman loves a gift from Elizabeth Arden.





June Geranium Soap and Dusting Powder—a chubby cake of June Geranium Soap tied with a ribbon to a box of Ardena Dusting Powder encased in a transparent arch, $2.25.

Lipstick in Blue Grass Design—choice of 4 shades, $1.60.

Eau De Toilette—Blue Grass or Cyclamen $5.00 and $11.00. "It's You" $7.25 and $13.75.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

The Service of The Arts

BY ETHEL E. PACE

ONE of the most warmly human jobs that has been undertaken by those who contribute to the happiness of their fellow men during the war is probably that of providing entertainment. The service of the arts has been invaluable to those in the fighting forces throughout the world, to the men undergoing rigorous training in camps and to hundreds engaged in dreary war industries.

In Great Britain the first wartime creation for this purpose was the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts which also arranged concerts for shelters and rest centers, pianists of international repute and well-known singers finding their way through the blackouts night after night and giving cheerfully of their time and talent. Then there were the factory concerts provided during the lunch hour or in the midnight break of the night shifts when the Council made the experiment of presenting the best music, vocal and instrumental.

Another important wartime creation was the National Service Association which dealt with the problem of entertaining both troops and munitions workers and even found a welcome in the camps for grand opera which had been thought by many to be too advanced for public taste. For though it is true that soldiers and people are singing less in this war than they did in the last they have an appreciation for better music. The new tunes—melodies whispered into radio microphones by crooners—are not suited to community singing or marches on the road. Modern mechanized armies ride more than they walk and cramped positions in trucks and tanks are not conducive to merrymaking, nor would their voices be heard amid the rattle and roar. But the troops are more music-conscious than ever before because of the tireless efforts of the entertainment committees.

Music for Workers

Probably the most notable contribution, however, in the way of entertainment has been that made by the radio. The B.B.C. has been broadcasting for some time special programs for employees in factories such as the one called "Music While You Work," and other interesting tests have been made in the matter of radio programs. It has long been known that music is valuable in increasing war production because it relieves fatigue and dispels the monotony of work. It is also a benefit in factories where there is a great deal of noise.

Workers' programs vary according to their needs. It was found that dance rhythms were best suited to one factory while another found it advisable to intersperse them with light musical numbers on the phonograph at ten and at three. Yet another factory gets results by using certain musical programs in each shift when slacking off is noticed. These programs begin and end with a march, and jazz or light orchestra music is relayed in between. It has been decided that here the rhythms must be carefully arranged to give the desired result—waltz, foxtrot and march must not follow too closely on one another or the workers grow confused.

Perhaps one of the most important innovations of the B.B.C. has been its production of overseas programs by women. The scarcity of men has knocked down the barriers against women producers and technicians; they are invading the control rooms and balancing orchestra concerts, dramatic productions and other broadcasts. Young women also make the sound effects heard in feature programs.

To Relieve Tension

Secretaries, actresses, journalists, shop assistants and even housewives are doing their bit to relieve the tension of war. This includes producing programs describing life in Great Britain to listeners in far-off lands; contacting British parents with children evacuated overseas; contacting families with Britishers serving abroad; and keeping the Empire in touch with the mother country.

A series of broadcasts from coal mines, hostels and army and air force messes is produced by one young woman who was a secretary in a legal office and later took up nursing. Another young woman runs a two-way program—"Children Calling Home" and "Hello Children." She was at one time on B.B.C.'s "Children's Hour," but decided to devote herself to the worthy job of making both children and their parents happier.

From the Stage

A loyal friend of the R.A.F. in Canada and the United States is Jane Welch who has been on the stage, in films, and connected with the radio and was also an A.R.P. transport driver during the blitz. She tours all over Britain to assemble and bring to the microphone the families of men in the R.A.F.

Six other popular programs produced by girls well-known to the service men abroad are "It's All Yours," going to British forces in isolated parts of the world; a program for New Zealanders in the Middle East; "Calling Newfoundland;" "Calling the West Indies;" and broadcasts to Australians in the Middle East; "Hello Gibraltar," by a young lady who is known as "the Lady of the Rock," and many more. Twenty-four hours a day programs are going out to different sections of the world and giving cheer to the fighting forces by keeping them in constant touch with their homes.

For Those at Sea

From the United States where Lady Jazz first danced her way into the hearts of the people, many original gifts, in the way of music, are sent to brighten the hours of those at sea. One famous film producer made a hundred records of the song, "When That Man is Dead and Gone," and sent them along with the "mother" record from which extra copies can be made, to various ships in the navy. Americans dispense entertainment to their troops at home with a jaunty carefree attitude altogether different from the light-hearted moments of other nations. From Broadway to Tin Pan Alley in New York artists and actresses are unremitting in their efforts to please. Hollywood emerges from her streamlined conservatism and flies to remote places to bolster benefits. Talented Canadians from coast to coast go all out in their endeavor to keep up the morale of those who are helping to win the war and thus hasten the day of victory.

WASTED LIFE?

THE seed which fell upon a rock
Felt warmth, found condensed damp,
Expanded, germinated, lit its tiny lamp;
Its hungry tapered roots explored
Invisible fissures element-scored,
Extracted minute gains
Of mineral with infinite pains,
Thirsted in heat, dried
And died:

Making a better hold, a deeper dock,
For the next sailing seed
That fell upon that rock
To find abundant meed
To live,—to struggle, suffer, dry
And die,
Leaving a larger shape
Of decomposing tissue to corrode and scrape
The softening stone:
Making a deeper hold, a better dock,
Filling the urgent need
Of the next drifting seed
That reached that rock.
So was the world in ages sown.

Which seed,
Solitary first or furrowed last,
Aeons gone or season past,
Filled greater need?

EMILY LEAVENS.

SHE: Why?

HE: *Well, if we were married longer, I'd probably tell you how my mother used to buy . . . no, I won't start that.*

SHE: Go ahead. Honest, I won't mind.

HE: *Ever hear of the "Sanforized" label . . . or what it stands for?*

SHE: Nope. You tell me.

HE: *Well, every shirt that carries the "Sanforized" label is made of fabrics that have been pre-shrunk . . . scientifically . . . right down to a meaningless 1%. And with so little shrinkage left in the fabric, the shirt itself can't possibly shrink out of fit . . . and this holds no matter how many times the shirt is laundered.*

SHE: You certainly shouldn't have been afraid to bring *that* up. What's more . . . I'll ask your mother what store she gets "Sanforized" marked shirts in.

HE: *You won't have to bother, dear. I've heard her say that most good stores carry shirts with the "Sanforized" label. Just be sure to insist on it.*

• Wartime conservation calls for making clothes last as long as possible. Washables with the "Sanforized" label never have to be discarded until they are worn out. They can't shrink below the size you buy them. IF YOU INTEND TO WASH IT . . . BUY IT WITH THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL.

•SANFORIZED•
Reg. trade-mark

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

A coat of natural white Russian fitch whose choice skins are worked like precious mink. The dark markings are manipulated to form a border.

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PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless

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*50% larger jar—entire contents usable (doesn't dry up)

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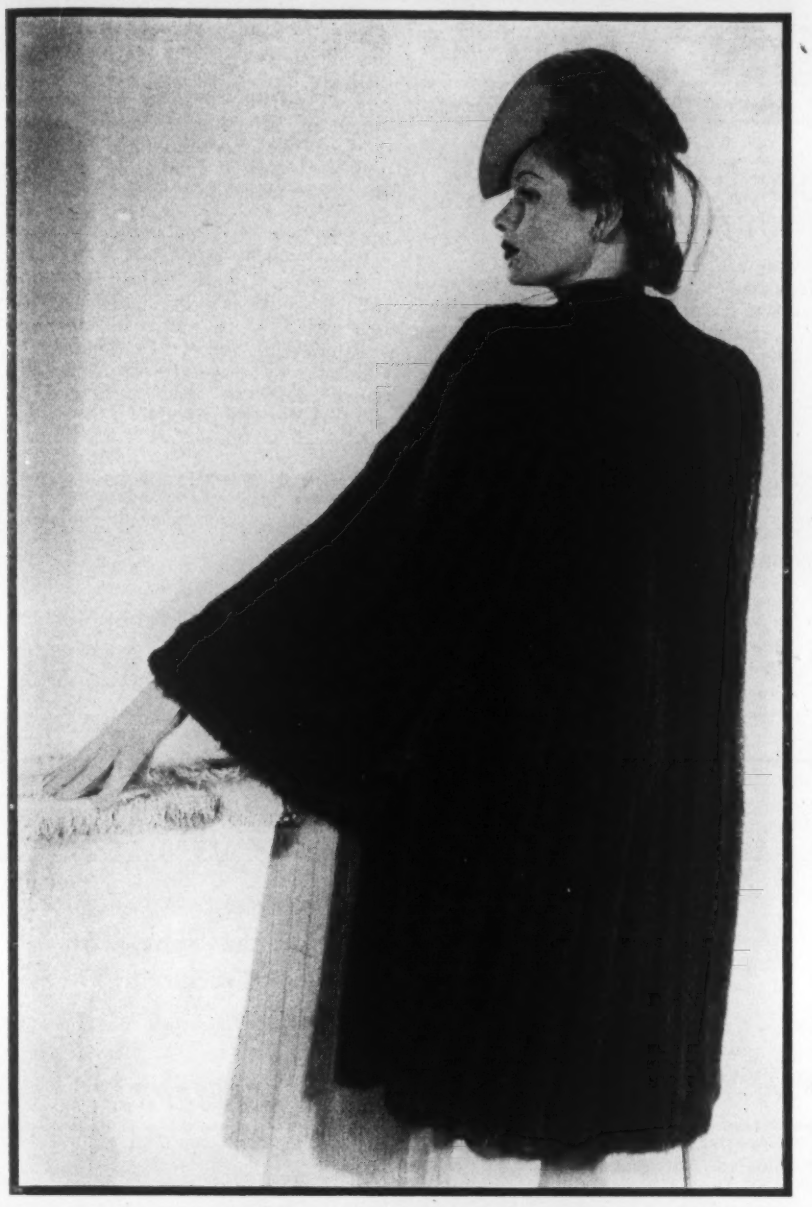
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan



Wide bell sleeves, hallmark of 1942 Fall furs, feature a luxurious coat of natural mink in which the fur is worked in chevron stripes on the sleeves. Finger-tip length, the collarless coat has straight simple lines.

THE DRESSING TABLE

Good Looks In Christmas Wrappings

BY ISABEL MORGAN

APPARENTLY the briskest women these days want to feel and look as feminine as possible — even though they may wear a uniform of one of the services, or the overall of a motor mechanic. They still have a deep desire to be attractive. A shiny nose still is deplorable. The gay badge of lipstick is not ignored even though she punches a time clock at seven o'clock of a dark morning. A whiff of perfume follows her when she dresses up in her best on her evenings of recreation.

And that, we might add for the benefit of any man who happens to have strayed into this department, is something for which you should be profoundly thankful, for the woman who remains true to her feminine nature instead of permitting it to become submerged when circumstances force her to enter a harsher more rigorous environment, is a finer companion—a better worker, too—than one who permits these qualities to disappear.

So toiletries as gifts are as welcome this Christmas as ever, and they'll serve as never before to carry the reminder to "stay as sweet as you are" . . . and what woman is there to wish for a more gracefully turned compliment?

In Clover

Three of the garden's loveliest fragrances have been captured and distilled so that we can enjoy them all year round in Harriet Hubbard Ayer's trio of flower perfumes. "Tuliptime" is a sort of pot-pourri of all the flower scents that come into being when things (including tulips, to be sure) begin to burgeon and blossom. "Pink Clover" lives up to its name so completely you can close your eyes and if your imagination is the Houdini-sort you can almost imagine yourself in summer clover—and getting a fine sun-tan to boot. "Honeysuckle" manages to retain all the rather special magic of the flower itself. The three scents are to be had in perfume as well as other forms such as toilet water, cologne and all the bath accessories—each attractively packaged to carry its floral message.

Repair Work

As a gift for the very busy woman —and aren't we all?—Du Barry suggests satin-smooth creams and lotions to counteract the drying effects of long hours in too-warm rooms and early winter's cold winds. Then Du Barry's creamy, liquid foundation lotion as a make-up base, to be followed by warm, soft, fine powder and rouge and lipstick in Du Barry's matching shades.

The woman who depends on these preparations year in and year out probably buys them piece-by-piece as her supplies run out—not half as glamorous a proceeding as finding the complete works in the form of a beautifully assembled set under the tree on Christmas morning.

The Skin You Love

Woodbury's, the people who put into circulation the famous slogan "The skin you love to touch" and, what's more, made it possible for us to live up to it by originating a new means of soap-using via the facial cocktail method, have put together all the things needed for meticulous daily care and embellishment of the skin in a number of attractive sets. These, of course, include the basic requirements such as creams, and make-up toned to the recipient's special color type of skin.

The Festive Touch

Perfume, unrivalled as a festive gift, is something to exclaim over when it is as handsomely dressed as are those of Grenoville. "Piege" a come-hither fragrance, "Byzance" which doubles for hands-full of gardenias, and "Casonova" a sophisticated floral bouquet, come in such handsome bottles she will keep them long after the last drop of the perfume they hold has been used. In turn these are encased in exquisite ivory and gold coffrets. "In A Garden" is a new Grenoville floral fragrance with a lingering charm that will endear itself to perfume connoisseurs. All these are to be had in companionate colognes.

Corduroy—which is luxurious in appearance, hardened to wear—in warm colors is used to give an effect of warmth in this room. The curtains (which you can't see) are rose in contrast to the blue couch covers.

EXCITING INVITING

Lavender's not sophisticated. It is sweet and fresh and eternally young. It is one fragrance that provokes charmingly —disarmingly—excitingly —invitingly. Wear the Yardley English Lavender everywhere. It is always correct. 65c to $13.50. And enjoy the charm-protection of Yardley Beauty Preparations.

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Make her Christmas happier with these beloved flower fragrances— TULIPTIME, gay perfume of spring-in-bloom . . . PINK CLOVER, fresh as a breeze over clover fields . . . HONEYSUCKLE, sweet as the flower itself. Charmingly arranged in gift packages by HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

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Cologne, 2.25 Bath Powder, 2.50 Talcum, 1.00

PINK CLOVER and HONEYSUCKLE

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Cologne . .	1.10; 1.75	Soap (3 cakes) . .	1.50
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AT THE BETTER STORES

HARRIET HUBBARD Ayer

MUSICAL EVENTS

Composers of Many Epochs

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

SOME weeks ago I mentioned the wealth of good pianists that Canada possesses. Foremost among them is Gertrude Huntley of Victoria, B.C., whose career has met with many frustrations. That she is still the exquisite and moving artist she always was, was proven when she appeared with the Hart House Quartet last week. Her art, always wonderfully expressive of the individuality of the pianoforte, seemed more enthralling than ever. Her touch was still lovely in tenderness, lightness and subtle significance, and her technique had the flowing ease which was the ideal of her masters, Moszkowski and Godowsky. But in the Schumann Quintet in E flat major her style had a maturity and suggestion of power in reserve that gave her playing augmented authority.

The Quintet is regarded by many as the greatest example of chamber music composed in the period between Beethoven and Brahms. It is strange that eighteenth century composers, who devised many small combinations of different instruments for chamber purposes, never thought of composing a quintet for piano and strings. Schumann thus had a clear field, and the result is one of the finest expressions of his genius. Much of his instrumental music is already dead or at best comatose,—but this work, a century old, seems destined to live on. It was the product of the first ideally happy years of his marriage to Clara Wieck, and had the effect of reconciling her father (who had behaved shockingly when Schumann married his favorite daughter), to his son-in-law. In last week's interpretation not only Madame Huntley but the whole ensemble were admirable.

We were also indebted to the Hart House group for including in the program Ernst von Dohnanyi's Quartet in D flat major. The Hungarian is now 65 years old, and the noble quality of his pianism as a young man still lives in one's memory. He gave up pianism to become a conductor, and conducting to be a composer. The Quartet in D flat major shows that he made no mistake in judgment. It is full of romantic feeling, with a rich infusion of modern technical devices that never rupture the general beauty of the structure. While at times the individual instruments seem to be going on different errands, all is graciously harmonized; and melodic inspiration is fresh and constant. The interpretation by the ensemble was marked by color and vitality.

Shostakovich Again

In the original announcements of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's all-Russian program the Fifth Symphony of Dmitri Shostakovich was not included, but later Sir Ernest MacMillan decided to take a gambler's chance and play it. By this one means that its demands on orchestral technique are so immense and opportunities for rehearsal so limited, that it might easily have been a fiasco. The hazard was increased by losses in personnel, inevitable under present conditions. Moreover, the Symphony had been played here last winter by the Minneapolis Orchestra, an organization of enormous tonal volume. Surely a gambler's throw, but as it turned out a lucky one. Never has Sir Ernest shown his superb leadership and grip on orchestral expression in a fuller degree. He had mastered and memorized every expression point so thoroughly that he was able to conduct without a score, and, it is said, drilled his players to proficiency in but four hours of rehearsal. That of course speaks volumes for the abilities of the instrumentalists themselves. Though it was impossible to attain so stupendous a tonal volume as did Mitropoulis with the Minneapolis orchestra in the last movement, the effect was nevertheless one of grandeur. In this movement intensity and headlong abandon are demanded but the man in the driver's seat must keep a firm control of the reins. Not for a second did Sir Ernest permit any tonal entanglements.

So far as one can judge from commentaries on Shostakovich's new Seventh Symphony, object of more advance publicity than any other work of the kind ever composed, it hardly equals the Fifth, which is likewise bound up with the history of modern Russia. The latter was composed in 1937 in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Revolution, which Shostakovich in the ardor of youth regards as the greatest governmental experiment in the history of mankind. A more emotional and opulent outpouring has never been put on music-paper; irresistible in urge, fire, and melodic and harmonic resource. Obviously the man who composed it is a genius of broad gauge; witness the contrast between the lyric Allegretto and the volcanic Finale. The beauty of Sir Ernest's nuancing if anything surpassed that of the Minneapolis rendering.

Other items on the program which also called for dynamics were Russian works in which T.S.O. has already shown its color and prowess: Rimsky - Korsakoff's Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" and Moussorgsky's wild "Night on the Bare Mountain". Three works more characteristic of the last sixty years of Russian musical development could not have been chosen.

Old English Music

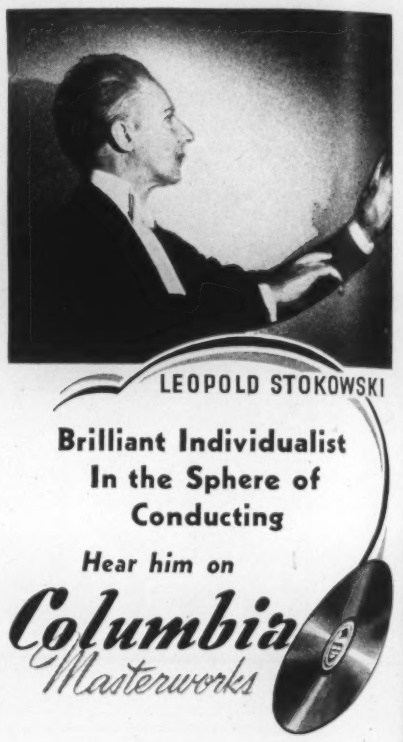
The Casavant Society in its monthly recitals in Eaton Auditorium is this season presenting choral features as well as organ music. Last week one was particularly interested in the singing of ancient carols by eighty adolescent pupils from Malvern Collegiate Institute. The numbers were profoundly beautiful, and it struck me that it was the kind of program that could be given in many smaller communities. Most programs in Toronto are a natural consequence of the fact that it is a large city with a symphony orchestra, a famous Conservatory and fine concert halls. But such a carol program as this represents popular music in its purest and most historic aspects.

Malvern Collegiate is located on the eastern outskirts of Toronto, and it would be ridiculous to assume that a special providence has bestowed on that locality a greater plenitude of charming young voices than can be found in other secondary schools of large dimensions from ocean to ocean. The matter boils down to the fact that few institutions have teachers so scholarly, so devoted to music and so adept at training young folk as Roy W. Wood who directed the program.

Most of the carols sung date from the time when England was described as a nest of song-birds; works so expressive of the genius of the people that they retain their life and freshness to this day. Merrie England, if indeed it was "merrie", had also a genius for adopting good songs that originated in other lands, like the 500-year-old German carol "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming", of which the arrangement sung was made in 1609 by Michael Praetorius, a Latinization of the German name Schulz. Carols of the period of the Wars of the Roses were danced as well as sung, and we heard a typical example in "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly". "Twelve Days of Christmas" is sometimes sung by concert soloists, but its cumulative repetitions, along the lines of "The Wild Man of Borneo", become racier when sung by a group of lively young folk. Another delight originally sung by the shepherds in old Nativity plays, "Angels We have Heard on High", has a refrain "Gloria in Excelsis" which is haunting in its joyousness. One of the most historic offerings was a Coventry Carol, from a Pageant that used to be presented by the Shearmen and Tailors' Guild; a Lullaby by the mothers of the innocents slaughtered by Herod.

The soloist was D'Alton McLaughlin, in whose playing taste and feeling were as evident as technical skill. From the large treasure of Christmas musical literature he chose numbers that balanced the carol series beautifully.

In Britain today many of the canine population are "doing their bit", the result of a Government appeal for watchdogs to guard airplanes and aircraft factories. Recruitment is directed by the S.P.C.A. and for each dog passed for war service its owner is issued a card marked "On His Majesty's Service" and evidencing an undertaking the dog will get good care and attention. Above, dog owners who have loaned their dogs.



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BACK from every front comes the word: "My RONSON is always ready for action!" If you've ever been in the field, where matches are scarce and often unusable, you can appreciate a soldier's enthusiasm for his RONSON, one of the last pieces of equipment he'd want to lose. That enthusiasm is shared by millions of RONSON owners everywhere. But a word of caution: RONSONS are not easy to replace. Take care of them. Make sure you get all the years of service that are built into them.

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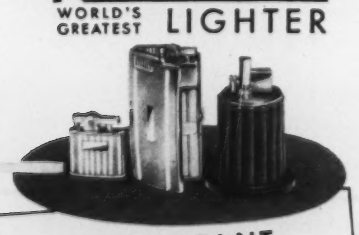

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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THE FILM PARADE

Lobby Hobby

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE Industry has invented a new diversion to take the place of free dinnerware and fortune telling in the lobby; only this time it will be the customers who will be asked to give out. The most recent hobby is opinion sampling in the lobby. If you are a sufficiently representative type you will probably be stopped by a representative type from the studios who will ask you how you liked the picture what you thought of the casting and the stars, how the film compares with "Mrs. Miniver", what are your ten favorite pictures of all time, and, for all I know, whether you dry your grounds or just boil the breakfast coffee up the second time.

Naturally the studio representative will be pleased if you come through with an unqualified endorsement of the film. It's to be an honest census, however, and if when he asks you how you happened to select this picture you say vaguely that you can't imagine, you really started out for the Vaccination Clinic in the Public Health Department, he will scrupulously enter your attitude as Indifferent. When all the answers are in, the collected commentary will be taken back to headquarters and there it will probably be run through a sorting machine, tabulated and broken down into statistical form, and the studio will know fresh from the source whether or not the public approves of its product—information it could have got quite handily from the box-office without hiring extra help.

The public no doubt will take to it kindly because we always like to be asked our opinion even when we suspect that we have been shrewdly classified in advance as Sample Matron, Age Forty Group, Lower Income Bracket. But it's still hard to see what direct benefit the experiment will bring either to the studio or the production, since post mortem findings, while interesting in themselves, aren't much use to the subject under analysis. I suppose it's just that we all have the questionnaire habit by this time, having come to feel that the right to ask and answer questions, however irrelevant, is somehow obscurely related to our democracy. If not democracy, it is at least part of our way of living that a Crossley Rating investigator can call you out of a hot bath to ask you what program you've just been listening to; or that you can look an enquiring lobby analyst right in the eye and tell him that his picture is lousy, just perfectly lousy.

"I MARRIED A WITCH" is smooth and tricky and funny in the very best style of René Clair. The lighter aspects of sex and the supernatural happens to be Director Clair's field—or at any rate one of his fields—and he has combined it here with some sly wonderful French satire on the American way of life.

It seems that just towards the close of the seventeenth century a pious New Englander named Wooley (Fredric March) arranged for the burning of a witch and her warlock father, and their safe burial under an oak tree. When the tree is struck by lightning two centuries and a half later the two spirits escape and make it their business to plague Master Wooley of 1942, now a candidate for the governorship. The witch is Veronica Lake—an ideal piece of casting for one of Hollywood's eeriest and least believable heroines. It has always been a little difficult to tell whether Miss Lake is really as wise as she looks or merely as wise as her director tells her to look. "I Married A Witch" establishes her however as a comedienne who knows exactly what she is about. I particularly liked Cecil Kellaway too as the bibulous old spirit who is finally corked safely into a whiskey bottle. There's plenty of trick photography for those who like the camera's special approach to the supernatural, and practically all of it is ingenious and fresh, without a single cigarette lighting itself in mid-air.

DIRECTOR MICHAEL POWELL who led the Nazis and the Mounties such a chase in "Forty-Ninth Parallel" has produced another escape-adventure, "One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing". It's a good thriller, quite as exciting as "Desperate Journey" which it resembles in outline, and a good deal more reasonable than the Errol Flynn opus. Both the British Government and the Dutch government-in-exile took a hand in it, which meant that there was enough source-material to make it genuinely stirring and enough official oversight to keep it sensible and credible.

Recommended. . . "Iceland", with Sonja Henie, presents its bleak locale as a combination of Madison Square Gardens and Sun Valley winter resort. It also presents the Icelanders as a race of comics and grotesques, which has somehow produced Sonja Henie, a phenomenal skater but no comic. Still she has to struggle, poor Sonja, with her usual comedy-romantic role. It's only when she gets on skates that you are able to forget the silliness of the story and the outrageousness of the production.

Record Review

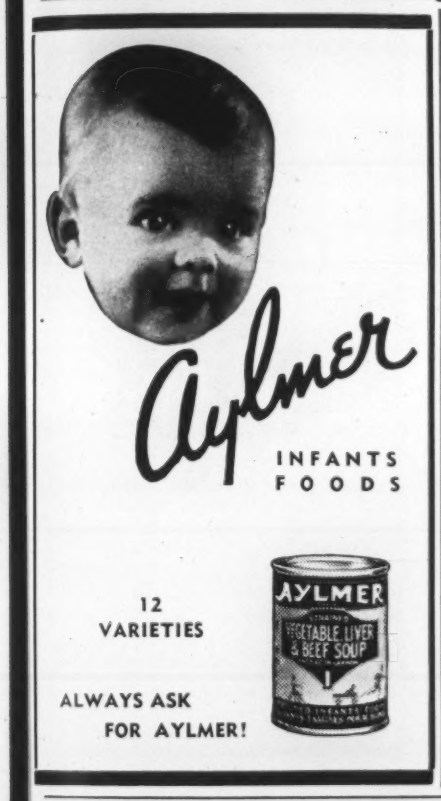
BY KARI ANDERSON

NEW recordings are becoming more and more scarce. In fact, almost non-existent. This week there are only three new pressings to tell about.

Sir Thomas Beecham, conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, performs Tschaikowsky's *Capriccio Italien*. It is a brilliant performance, with all the color and romance that both title and composer would lead us to anticipate. It fills four sides (12 inch) of Columbia set J84. This composition is probably not as well known as many others, but the recording is a worthy addition to Columbia's already sizeable Tschaikowsky library.

For students of piano, Columbia offers an album of Chopin *Preludes*, played by Egon Petri. There are 24 in all, opus number 28 among Chopin's compositions. They fill eight sides (12 inch) of set D121. Petri is a meticulous and careful pianist who plays with impeccable skill and exceptional technique. He has already done several recordings for Columbia. For repeated playings this set cannot be as popular as *Les Sylphides*, but the lover of Chopin and of excellent piano playing will want it.

The plum in the pudding has been saved carefully for the last taste. It is the *Concerto No. 1 in G Minor for Violin and Orchestra* by Max Bruch, played by Nathan Milstein with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, John Barbirolli conducting. Columbia No. D120 (six sides, 12 inch). The association of Bruch, Milstein and the Philharmonic has resulted in an exceptionally fine recording. This famous concerto deserves its reputation. It is music at once intellectual and emotional, brilliant and passionate, grand and gentle. New beauties are discovered with each playing, and Milstein has stored them abundantly for our finding out.



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AT SMART COSMETIC COUNTERS
● As you open the boxes . . . watch the pink-and-white ballet dancer change costume! Set includes Dorothy Gray Talcum Powder and Cologne, both in fascinating new *Daredevil* scent. Order several as gifts, keep one to play with, yourself. $2.
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DOROTHY GRAY
American design of Beauty

THE PROPRIETORS OF
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wish to point out to their many friends and patrons that they have no connection whatever with ANY OTHER RESTAURANT OF THE SAME NAME IN TORONTO.

What is CANADA DRY'S Sparkling Water?

It is a super Club Soda. Made to an exclusive scientific formula, it possesses properties not found in ordinary "soda" water. Specially purified water, pin-point carbonation and added ingredients make it the finest of all mixers. Makes any drink better—and better for you.

IT'S *Vitalized*:
Pin-point carbonation, Canada Dry's own process, gives it that million-bubble champagne sparkle. Makes drinks livelier—longer.

IT'S *Alkaline*:
Special ingredients make it definitely alkaline in reaction.

IT *Livens Flavour*:
Its million-bubble sparkle steps up the flavour of any drink.

Economical! Large family-size bottle, sold everywhere . . . makes 8 to 10 long drinks. Carton of 6 individual-size bottles sold in most localities.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING CLUB SODA

CONCERNING FOOD

Sweet Are The Uses of Economy

BY JANET MARCH

"SO I said to her 'Why a cake?' when it took the last snip of butter, but of course my dear I'd rather be butterless than cookless, even though her I.Q. is so low she doesn't know the difference between the best dinner set and the dog's plate."

"I know how you feel, but I'm through with battling with that sort of maid. I just said to Selective Service, 'If you can't get me a good one forget me.' John's dinner needs more intelligence than goes to operating a munitions machine."

It was a fascinating conversation and I would have loved to have heard what Selective Service said back. Something polite, no doubt, about the machines being more important than John's Hollandaise at this period of history. At this moment I reached the checker clutching my little piece of butter, and all my attention was rivetted on warming the heart of the girl about the size of my family. Unfortunately the thing was made of ice. "I know there are a lot of you because I've seen you shopping here for years, but my orders are half a pound to a customer. The next woman would tell me a tale about her twelve children and then where am I?"

Well, where are we indeed? Preoccupied with food to an amazing degree. Back in the good old days of 1938—we didn't think they were so hot at the time—when in two minutes we could pile up in our groceteria baskets Russian caviar, Norwegian sardines, Australian raisins, Spanish oranges, and South American bully beef along with Canadian butter and bacon we weren't nearly as interested. Now housewives are women with a quest; a new butterless recipe, a way to make Hamburg taste a little like tenderloin, or a honey icing—first find your honey—and a rapt look comes on their faces and they dig amongst the ration books in their purses for a pencil.

The truth is that our old tried and true recipes are daily becoming less useful. War is writing cook books along with history. The dehydrated foods improve daily, a canner announces canned ham and eggs—for the army only as yet—and by the time peace comes we'll be eating many new things.

As yet there aren't many cook books to help the wartime cook but Macmillans have recently published "Thrifty Cooking for Wartime" by Alice B. Winn-Smith. The author dates her preface at Salt Lake City, and most of the recipes are for the good dishes beloved in the mid-West—griddle cakes, corn bread, bean loaf, and noodle ring. Hard to stay thin and enjoy too much of these particular things, but there are a whole lot of times when the figures on the bathroom scales seem unimportant. Also undoubtedly economy is hard on the waistline for you have to spend an awful lot of money in the winter time to live off thinning lamb chops and fresh vegetables; that is if you eat enough of them to take away that gaunt feeling.

This American book is not in the same class as the English one mentioned a few weeks ago. In fact the two give an interesting contrast as to just how far the war has affected the housewives in the two countries. The American one is full of tips which many persons would wish to follow in war or peace, just as good common sense. The English one was filled with the real difficulties of making the diet which Mrs. Roosevelt described as "adequate but dull" less dull. The people of this continent are said to be the most extravagant in the world as far as waste in the kitchen goes, but perhaps books such as this one will teach us that thrift is not a wartime virtue but one which should be practiced whatever the state of the world's armies.

Here is the recipe for a liver loaf taken from Alice Winn-Smith's book so that you may see the sort of sensible recipe she gives.

Liver Loaf with Gravy

2 lbs. beef liver
2 cups boiling water
2 slices of bacon
2 medium sized onions
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 teaspoons of salt
¼ teaspoon of pepper
2 eggs slightly beaten
2½ cups of soft breadcrumbs or 2 cups of dried breadcrumbs

Cover the liver with boiling water, simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Drain into the "soup pot," and grind with the bacon; salt and pepper, then add the other ingredients. Mix thoroughly, and press into a loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350-375 degrees F., until nicely browned, then turn the loaf out on a hot platter. For gravy, stir 2 tablespoons flour in drippings, gradually add 2 cups cold water and continue stirring until thickened. Salt and pepper to taste.

Do you remember carrot pudding which really couldn't be told from Christmas pudding except that you didn't have that rather oppressive feeling after eating it? Well here's how you can get a few more of the important vitamin-full carrots into your family.

Carrot Pudding

1½ cups of fine breadcrumbs
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon of salt
2 tablespoons of shortening
1 cup of molasses
1 cup of raisins
½ cup chopped dates
½ cup of ground nuts
½ lemon, juice and grated rind
½ cup grated or chopped carrots

Mix together the crumbs, baking powder, and salt. Add the other ingredients, and mix well together. Turn into a well greased mold, and steam for four and a half hours. Serve hot with molasses sauce, hot cranberry sauce, or sauce made from fruit juices. This would make a grand pudding for Christmas day and I bet none but an expert cook would ever spot the carrots!

Indicative of deep-rooted social upheavals in England is training in basic household duties being given by Hampden House School. Here two students wield duster and mop amid antique glories of historic Hampden House—for 900 years residence of the Earls of Buckinghamshire.

It's a Promise

For the moment, you can't get Peek Frean's famous English biscuits and Vita-Weat Crispbread in Canada, because war's demands make shipments impossible. But keep fresh in your mind their delicious goodness, for they'll be back as soon as this war is won.

42

Peek Frean
BISCUITS
from LONDON, ENGLAND

A FAMOUS "BOVRIL" POSTER

"Alas! my poor Brother."

41-19R

MILLIONS of PEOPLE USE & ENJOY
The BEEFY FLAVOUR of BOVRIL

GIVE A LIFT TO YOUR MEALS

● Add new life to ordinary dishes . . . let Libby's Prepared Mustard give new zest to your meat courses . . . spread it on your roast before cooking . . . mix it with your salad dressing . . . a racy, tingling mustard with a butter-smooth quality.

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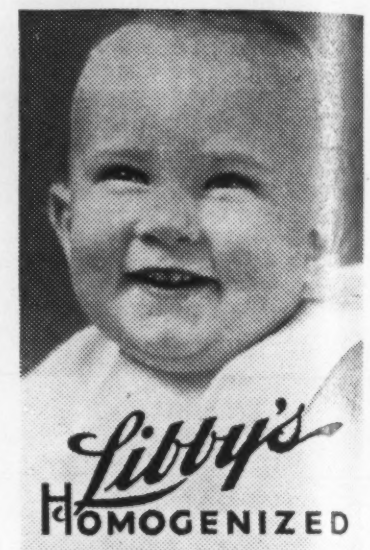
Libby's PREPARED MUSTARD

TRY LIBBY'S SWEET MIXED PICKLES—DELICIOUS



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FREE Booklet on *Infant Feeding*

Specially prepared for modern mothers is Libby's 24-page booklet—"Vegetables and Fruits for Your Baby". Just send name and address for your free copy.

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THAT'S EASY. I USE LIPTON'S FULL-FLAVOURED TEA—AND I GET MORE VALUE FOR MY COUPONS
LIPTON'S
TEA

LIPTON'S GIVES YOU SOMETHING NO OTHER TEA CAN GIVE *-at any price!*

● The tea that has won more world awards for quality than any other, is the tea to use in these days of rationing. Try this master-blend which includes select "small leaf" teas grown exclusively in Lipton's own gardens in Ceylon. You'll find Lipton's so uniformly rich and full-flavoured—that you'll get more satisfying cups for your tea coupons.

Ask your grocer today for Lipton's Full-Flavoured "Small Leaf" Tea . . . an Empire Tea that's "fit for a king"

LIPTON'S

Also Packers of—LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP MIX
"THE SOUP SENSATION OF THE NATION"

AA3

MORE Canadians drink Libby's "Gentle Press" TOMATO JUICE than any other!

Day by day from grocers' shelves shoppers select Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice. For fresh-from-the-garden flavour and health, more Canadians drink Libby's Tomato Juice than any other.

It is made by the "Gentle Press" process—patented and exclusively Libby's method—from vine-fresh, luscious tomatoes.

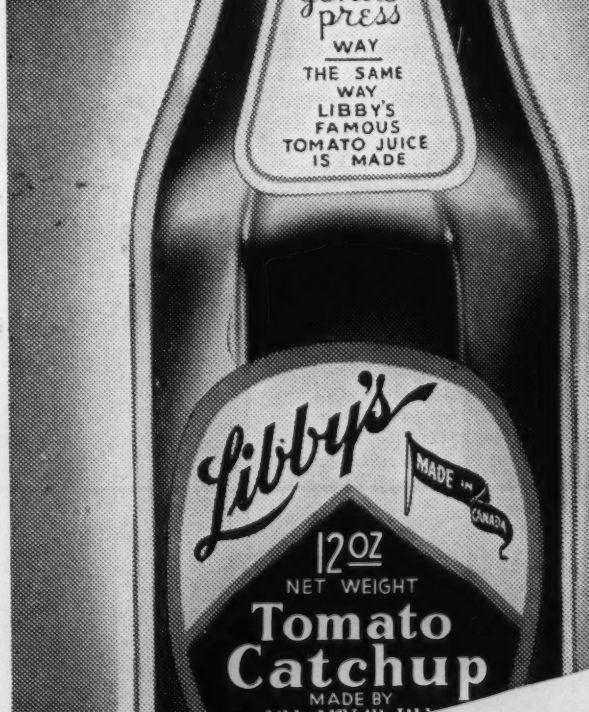
War workers need healthful nutritious foods. It takes sound constitutions to stand up to the terrific pace of Victory Production.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice is an excellent source of Vitamins A and C, which science says we require daily for strong teeth, elastic blood vessels, improved digestion, clearer complexion and more vitality—to stay young longer and give our highest efficiency to our jobs. If you don't say it's the best Tomato Juice you ever tasted, return the label and Libby's will pay you double the purchase price.

LIBBY'S "GENTLE PRESS" TOMATO SOUP—is made from tomatoes fresh from the garden, and *NOT* from canned tomato pulp. You'll note the difference in the flavour.

LIBBY'S "GENTLE PRESS" TOMATO CATCHUP—made with Libby's exclusive "Gentle Press" process. An "Appe-teaser" which wins favour by its flavour.

Now at Your Grocer



Libby's CHRISTMAS COCKTAIL

3 cups Libby's Tomato Juice
½ tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Let this stand in a cool place for 1 hour, then add ¾ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, and a few grains of cayenne. Strain and serve ice-cold. Delicious!
Serves 4.

Libby's TOMATO PRODUCTS
Juice • Catchup • Soup

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CHATHAM ONTARIO

WEEK IN RADIO

Why Not Send It By Pigeon?

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

BY USING the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's network and a number of private radio stations to tell the Canadian people that tea prices are reduced 10 cents, coffee four cents and oranges and milk a few cents, the Hon. J. L. Ilsley, Canada's minister of finance, has stirred up a pretty kettle of fish in the editorial rooms of several Canadian newspapers.

The Canadian public isn't likely to get very excited concerning the ways in which they get their news of price reduction, or anything else. Such news can reach them by carrier pigeon, stage coach or Indian courier; they are going to turn to their daily or weekly newspaper to see if it's true, anyway.

But the newspapers of Canada aren't taking this "affront" by Mr. Ilsley lying down. They like to get the news first and be the first to tell the public. The *Vancouver Sun*, for instance, is pretty sore about it. They call Mr. Ilsley's move "a trick". They say his action in using the newspapers to build up an audience for his radio speech "insults Canada's newspapers", to say nothing of "furthering a vicious habit that threatens the most potent safeguard of all free people—their free press".

Mr. Ilsley's decision, no doubt reached after consultation with his publicity advisers, to make his announcement over the air instead of through the newspapers is his own business. But he might have been better advised if his publicists had suggested that at the very moment he stepped up to the microphone, a copy of his speech be placed in the hands of at least the Canadian Press, which services some 95 Canadian newspapers; and the British United Press, which services a great many radio stations in Canada, as well as newspapers.

The success of the Victory Loans and the War Savings campaigns which are Mr. Ilsley's responsibility are due in no small measure to the support given by Canadian newspapers. Mr. Ilsley, we think, was ill-advised when his publicity experts told him that by using radio, he could reach a greater number of people, more quickly. Speed was perhaps necessary to avoid hoarding and profiteering. But I doubt very much whether the contents of Mr. Ilsley's speech warranted annoying a single Canadian newspaper.

"Fakeroo of the first water" is how the *Vancouver Sun* describes the technique adopted by Mr. Ilsley. They suggest that it would have been far better for Mr. Ilsley to make the announcement through the press first, and follow it up with a personal explanatory talk over the air. Which, it seems to me, sounds very sensible.

WE PROBABLY haven't heard the end of the squabble between the CBC and the Conservative Party. It all started when the Conservative Convention Committee asked the CBC for time to let Senator Meighen and H. R. Milner speak on "matters of public interest", prior to or during the Winnipeg Convention. The General Manager of the CBC apparently told the Conservatives that there was a CBC policy against broadcasts of a political nature between elections, but he'd be glad to arrange for free time on the national network for the newly chosen leader of the Conservative Party, sometime after the Winnipeg Convention. December 14 was suggested.

That didn't make Gordon Graydon, M.P. very happy. He issued a statement to the press, saying that the CBC's refusal to give the Conservatives the time they wanted marked "the first round in a major fight for the right of democratic freedom of speech over the air in Canada". The second round came when Senator Arthur Meighen spoke at the Winnipeg Convention, and described the CBC as a "gestapo". He recalled how the CBC had "butchered" a speech of his, given in Toronto some time ago. He criticized the general manager of the CBC for permitting Prof. Watson Thomson to broadcast.

One thing strikes us very forcibly. The Winnipeg Conservative Convention was of national news interest. It was of sufficient importance for the newspapers of the Dominion, Liberal, Conservative and Independent, to give columns and columns of space to it. With the exception of brief mention here and there in the regular CBC newscasts, the CBC, with its great national coverage, practically ignored the Convention.

If there ever was a place for an "actuality" broadcast, it was at the Winnipeg convention. CBC newsmen should have been there to report day by day happenings that would have rivalled the press for timeliness and interest. The CBC's crack interviewers might have questioned the men who were named for the leadership.

The CBC completely muffed what might have been a great news feature of radio. True, it had some political dangers, but these might have been safeguarded. As a friend of ours remarked on the closing day of the Convention: "I wonder what the CBC would have done had this been a Liberal convention"?

I wonder too.

THIS hasn't been an easy month for the CBC. Earlier in the month some newspapers of the country were riled, not so much at the CBC, but at the Wartime Information Board, for letting radio scoop the press on the announcement of the break with Vichy. According to the *Globe and Mail*, the Wartime Information Board gave a statement to the CBC in time for their 10 p.m. newscast, but failed to give a copy of the statement to the press of the country, leaving them to get the story directly from the Prime Minister some time later. It was nearly 10.45 p.m. (forty-five minutes after the CBC had carried the story) when the Canadian Press wires carried the story out to their member newspapers.

One of the first rules of good press relations is to see that no newspaper or no radio station shall be given unfair advantage in the matter of handling news, and if the facts which the *Globe and Mail* sets forth are correct in this particular instance, the press has good reasons for squawking.

WE CONFESS we were just a little astonished at Lowell Thomas the other night when the Beveridge report came out, and Lowell closed his comment of the report with something to the effect that he hoped that Britain wouldn't expect the United States to pay for the cost of the social reforms recommended in the report.

We couldn't believe he had said the words. They didn't register. But when several other listeners reported that they, too, had heard Thomas say them, we gathered that it must have been true.

Why Lowell Thomas who usually is pro-British, made such a sarcastic remark, we don't know. We have written him a note asking him to explain his reasons. In the meantime, we're going to be charitable and wait for his reply.

ONE of our lady readers writes: "I read with glee your comments on announcers dramatizing simple statements. Surely a simple statement in natural convincing tones would have a more telling effect on the listener than rantings that ravel restful relaxation or trouble tranquil torpor. Is there anything we can do about it? Your interest in the hardships of harried hearers is appreciated".

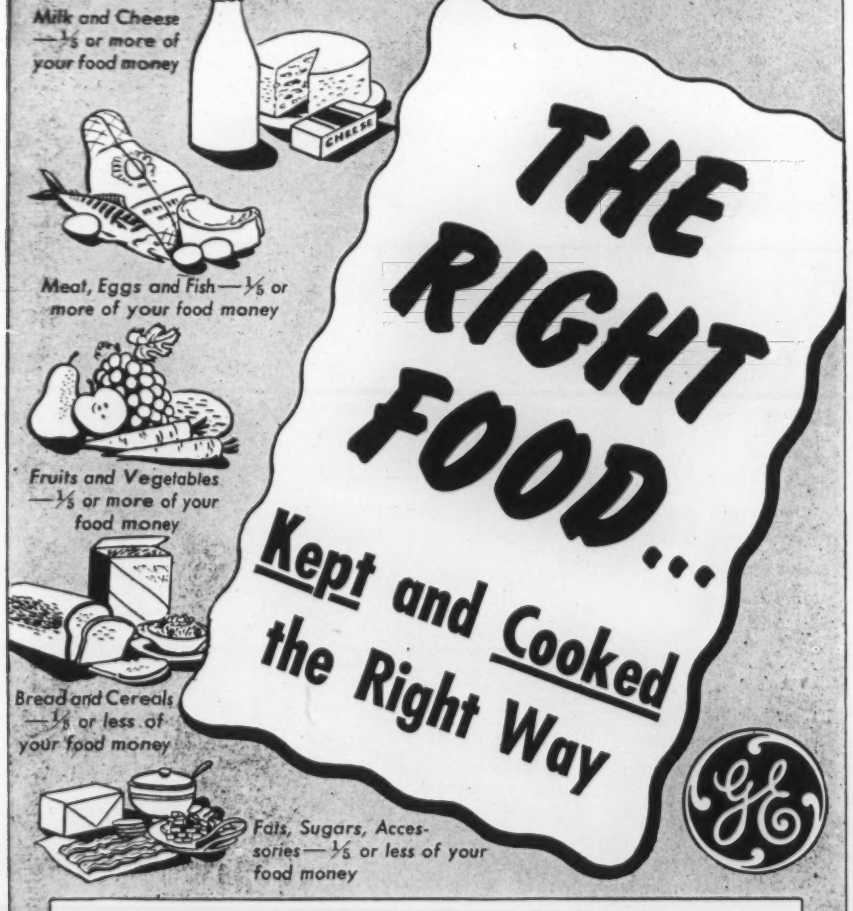
Certainly, my dear young lady, there are things you can do about it. This is a free country. You can write to the sponsor of the product and tell him in no uncertain words that you don't like his commercial announcements, and if he continues to annoy you with them, you'll buy his competitor's goods.

That'll fix him.

ON A lot of things: Carl Sandburg starred in his own Calvacade of America Play, "Victory's Road", on Dec. 7. . . . Stokowski conducted the NBC Symphony for Dmitri Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony on Dec. 13. . . Dr. Frank Black, general music director for NBC, celebrates ten years in broadcasting this month. . . Nikolai Sokoloff conducted the Cleveland Orchestra in a program commemorating their 25th anniversary, on Dec. 12 . . . the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, radio's oldest sustaining weekly feature, celebrated its 700th broadcast Sunday . . . many listeners are urging the CBC to restore Alexander Chuhaldin's "Melodic Strings" to its usual spot in Canadian radio . . . outstanding talk of the month was given by Frank Willis, supervisor of CBC feature programs, just returned from a trip along the "Alcan" highway . . . three programs heard across Canada marked the third anniversary of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. . . Robert Farnon's second symphony, "Ottawa", is almost completed, and Hans Kindler wants to see it. . . Allan Dill is a new commentator on farm broadcasts in the Maritimes. . . Raymond Massey is a major in the Canadian army, but that didn't stop him from appearing in Radio Reader's Digest program on Dec. 6.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRESENTS

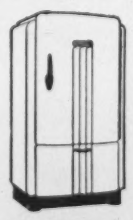
A Formula for National Fitness


Milk and Cheese —⅓ or more of your food money
CHEESE
Meat, Eggs and Fish—⅓ or more of your food money
Fruits and Vegetables —⅓ or more of your food money
Bread and Cereals —⅓ or less of your food money
Fats, Sugars, Accessories—⅓ or less of your food money

THE RIGHT FOOD... Kept and Cooked the Right Way

Vitally important to Canada today are good health, alertness and vigour. Ensure the fitness of *your* family by providing them with a balanced diet of nutritional foods. Plan your food purchasing wisely by spending *one fifth of every dollar on each of the following kinds of food:* (1) milk and cheese, (2) fruits and vegetables, (3) meat, eggs and fish, (4) bread and cereals, (5) fats, sugars and accessories.

And remember—*keep* your food wisely and *cook* your food wisely. Fresh foods need adequate refrigeration to preserve their vitamin values and prevent spoilage. Appetizing cooking, designed to conserve the minerals and vitamins which foods contain, is a vital factor in healthful eating. Realize the importance of your G-E Refrigerator and G-E Hotpoint Range. Now, more than ever is it essential to take care of these appliances.



Ask your nearest C.G.E. dealer for your copy of the new booklet "How to Get the Most Out of the Food you Buy".

Victory Recipe

PEARS IN CHOCOLATE SYRUP

2 Squares of sweet chocolate
1 Cupful of syrup from canned pears
4 Canned pear halves

Melt the chocolate in the syrup, beat until well blended and pour over the canned pear halves. Four servings.

MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

A serene note of courage

A serene note of courage, of faith in the future, of belief in happiness to come, finds expression in the gift to loved ones of a Longines Watch, a wonderful creation of man's genius.

When the dark clouds have rolled away, a Longines Watch will rouse memories of work and play, of peace and war, of happiness and of sorrow. John will think—"Helen gave me this Longines watch when I went on active service. It has been very useful—a good and faithful friend"—Helen will think—"John gave me this Longines on my first birthday after we were engaged. It's extraordinary how it brings back all the things we've done together."

Longines, the world's most honored watch, is a truly distinguished gift. Visit the nearest Longines Jeweller and let him have the pleasure of showing you his Longines models. Not all are available owing to world conditions, but each has the world-famous Longines Observatory Movement, a work of almost incredible precision. Also to be seen are Wittnauer Watches, a companion line of outstanding value and moderate price.

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BUS-SICK?
Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of
Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

THE OTHER PAGE

"Not in Uniform"

BY JOHN LASKIER

HIS face gleamed whitely in the dimmed-out street lights of the seaport town. His walk was aimless and his gait that of a man who is used to being confined in narrow places. His hand, in the pocket of his grey flannel trousers, clutched the small handful of bills, but money, as such, didn't mean much to him.

The sudden glare of light from an opened door lit up his figure in a garish glow, reflecting the pallor of his face and the wide spread of his shoulders. He was young, but something more aging than years had etched lines on his face. He stopped as the blare of trumpets and a shrill treble of laughter came at him from the opened door. He walked on slowly down the street and then, after a moment of indecision, turned and came back. At the door he doffed his cap and stuck it in his pocket, smoothing his dark hair down with his hand. The door opened again and a soldier with a laughing girl on his arm came out. They pushed by him, engrossed in each other, and he slipped through the door before it could close after them.

The bright light made him blink and peer for a moment, but the swing of the music called him on. Down the hall a pretty blonde girl sat at a desk talking to a smiling boy in the blue of the air force.

The girl at the desk looked him up and down with a faint hostility. He knew, uncomfortably, that his coat was too tight.

"Well?" she asked.

He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a bill.

"Could I buy a ticket?" The pallor of his face turned pinkish as she stared at him.

"You couldn't buy a ticket if you had all the money in the world." There was an amused derision in her tone. "Can't you read?" She pointed to a notice on the wall and turned smiling back to the airman.

"MEN IN UNIFORM ONLY." He read the sign slowly to himself, then smiled a half-bitter smile at her bobbing blonde curls. She felt his eyes on her and turning, she asked briefly; "Well?"

"O.K. Sister, I'll go." He pulled his crumpled cap out of his pocket and crammed it down on his head. As he opened the door her laughter shrilled out at him.

Shoulders hunched dejectedly, hands in pockets, he walked aimlessly down the street. A few blocks further a lighted store window attracted him. From a poster a khaki-clad figure in steel helmet and full pack pointed sternly at him. "JOIN UP NOW. YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU," he read, with still the same half-derisive smile on his face. He squared his shoulders and pushed open the door.

A sergeant, spic and span in dress uniform and Glengarry got up from behind the desk. "Come right in, son," he welcomed. "You want to join up?"

He merely nodded and sat down on the opposite side of the desk whilst the sergeant fumbled with papers and dipped a pen in an inkwell.

"Name?" The sergeant's voice was brightly cheerful.

"Lawrence Trevor."

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

The pen scratched busily. Without looking up, the sergeant asked: "What did you work at last?"

As if in answer the other pulled his cap down over his eyes and stood up. "Sorry, Sergeant," he said, "I guess I'll come back some other time." His face was entirely without expression as he turned on his heel and went out. The sergeant ruffled his papers angrily and turned to a corporal who sat across the room.

"If," he said disgustedly, "I was that scared of fighting, I'd go and jump in the bay."

HIS walk was purposeful now, and his quickening steps took him down towards the waterfront. He passed dingy, dark-fronted shops and sprawling warehouses without a glance, as if his feet were treading a well-remembered path. Presently, the hulk of a ship loomed up, dim loading lights gleaming on the python-like pipes that writhed over her side. The all-pervading smell of gasoline told what her cargo was.

"Hi there, Larry." A figure on the gangplank hailed him. "Boy, am I glad to see you. The Chief bet you wouldn't come back this trip. Said five straight trips in the engine-room of a tanker was as much as any oiler could take. I bet him two bucks you weren't a quitter. Hold the fort here while I go down and collect off the old tightwad, then you 'n' me will go and have a drink."

Larry ran lightly up the gangplank. As he reached the rail a sudden breeze, sharp with the tang of salt, swept in from the sea. He inhaled deeply, then laughed, and his laughter echoed exultantly out over the water.

Democracy in Action

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

BILL couldn't go hunting this year with the Gang. Sudden, acute arthritis laid him up some months ago. That was tough, for Bill is a railroad laborer; a section hand, not even a foreman. The thing hit him first in camp a year ago and the Gang was all worked up about it, for Bill is a right guy, a straight shooter, and not with a rifle only.

It's a curious Gang, which includes the general manager of a big industry, a banker, a lawyer who writes his annual income in five figures, a salesman of parts, and two or three nondescripts. But it has been together for ten years, always in the same place up north, and always during the early days of November when the first snow is just around the corner, when all the leaves are gone and when the deer walk delicately, like Agag, to drink at the river.

As soon as the Gang got home Bill was brought to Toronto on a stretcher and given the works at two hospitals; X rays, blood tests, general investigation; everything the doctors could think of. No soap! The cause of the trouble couldn't be found.

But the Gang didn't despair. There was a specialist (five dollars a look) who might do something with a new serum treatment. He looked—a lot of times. He prescribed something with gold in it—ten dollars a time or thereabouts—and after a month Bill began to feel better. Now after many months he comes up for treatment on his own legs. His fingers are straightened out. He even thinks he can work. But a half-hour with a shovel in his back-yard didn't have good results. The doctor said "Napoo! You must rest for three or four months more. Then, maybe."

Meanwhile the Gang, one short, went north this year, got a special deer for Bill, and went into committee of ways and means. Three or four months more is easy. Bill the laborer, with a wife and three children, two of high school age, is still in his modest home, the landlord satisfied, the family with shining eyes, and Bill in a sort of walking daze of perpetual surprise. "Why should they do all this for me?" is his constant question.

Not one of the Gang is poorer; for if they have a little less money than they used to have they have a surging satisfaction and a high hope; that maybe by November 1943 Bill may be again in camp.

at EATON'S

ROCKINGHAM EWERS, circa 1820; deep rose flowers and white sea-shells are hand-painted on a cobalt blue ground with gilt handles; one with double handles, two with single handles. Matching set of three, $250.00.

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Heirlooms to cherish and bequeath to your children . . . these period pieces in bone china and crystal. Connoisseurs will appreciate the lavish gilding and rich ornamentation by master craftsmen of the Georgian and Early Victorian era. Hand-picked from EATON'S collection of Antique China and Glass, each is a princely gift . . . becoming more precious with the years. *ANTIQUE CHINA AND GLASS, Basement*

OLD DERBY VASES, dated around 1795 to 1815; shaped like bottles with stoppers; pink and yellow roses with delicate green leaves encrusted on a cobalt blue ground. Pair, $300.00.

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OLD SPODE tea and coffee set, about 1800-1820; centred with hand-painted flowers and foliage with white sprigs; honeycomb design in low relief; lilac banding with burnished gilt scroll border; set of 34 pieces: teapot, cover and stand, 1 cream jug, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cake dish, 9 tea cups, 5 coffee cups, 14 saucers. 34 pieces. *Priced at* $300.00.

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THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
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Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 19, 1942 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

W. M. Armstrong

NO STRANGER to the complex business of telegraph administration is Canadian National Telegraphs' new General Manager, W. M. Armstrong. Formerly Assistant Chief of Development and Research for the Canadian National Railways system, his duties brought him into frequent and direct association with the functions of the telegraph industry and have given him an intimate knowledge of its relations to war industries and the important part it plays in domestic and international fields of communication.

One of the new General Manager's first connections with the Canadian National Telegraphs came about in 1930 when he was assigned to study and report on its organization and operations. In the intervening years he has from time to time been a member of joint committees of the Canadian National Telegraphs and Canadian Pacific Communications dealing with various phases of telegraph operations. Until recently he was assistant to D. E. Galloway, formerly the chief executive officer of the Canadian National Telegraphs whom he now succeeds as General Manager. He served also as assistant to Mr. Galloway when the latter was Assistant Vice President of the Canadian National Railways in charge of subsidiary companies. For the past several years Mr. Armstrong has appeared before the Standing Committee of the House of Commons which annually reviews the activities of the Canadian National System.

In his new position, Mr. Armstrong will be responsible for the maintenance of the railway telephone and telegraph circuits used in the despatching of trains throughout the C.N. system. These circuits virtually constitute a network of communications nation-wide in scope and apart from the commercial telegraph network which likewise extends throughout the Dominion.

The son of the late Col. J. A. Armstrong, C.M.G., C.B.E., Director of Dental Services in the first Great War, Mr. Armstrong was born in Ottawa and educated at the Ottawa Collegiate Institute. He obtained his degree in science, as civil engineer, from Queen's University. He served overseas with the Canadian Expeditionary Force from 1915 to 1919, ending his period of military service with the Royal Air Force. Before returning to Canada he attended Glasgow University. During his student days, Mr. Armstrong had acquired practical professional experience with the Ottawa City Engineer's Department and through working on construction and survey operations.

His railway service began in 1920 when he became identified with the Canadian National Railways as an assistant engineer. He became Office Engineer in 1929 and Assistant Director of the Bureau of Economics in 1937. He was appointed Assistant Chief of Research and Development two years later.

In his various capacities, Mr. Armstrong has carried out many important assignments in connection with railway economics and has won distinction both in Canada and the United States for the analytical abilities he has demonstrated in this field. In a lighter vein, it is interesting to note that on the day Mr. Armstrong assumed his new duties as General Manager with headquarters at Toronto he received a message from Montreal that he had that day also became a grandfather for the first time.

George W. Yates

IF LONG and faithful service to his country in government employ ever entitled any man to a place in the public eye, then surely that man is George W. Yates, Assistant Deputy Minister and Secretary of the Department of Transport. Mr. Yates "made the news" recently when after forty-four years in government service he asked for and was granted leave of absence preparatory to superannuation.

Originally a newspaperman and one-time Toronto "Globe" representative in the Ontario Legislature press gallery, this veteran civil servant, in the course of thirty-one years at Ottawa, has served under fourteen federal ministers and five deputies. His previous connection with the Ontario provincial service covered almost thirteen years.

It was in 1911 that Mr. Yates first went to Ottawa, as secretary to the Minister of Railways and Canals in the Borden Government. On formation of Union Government in 1917, Sir Robert Borden asked him to take charge of his secretarial staff, and he remained with the Prime Minister until Sir Robert's retirement in 1920, when he returned to Railways and Canals as Assistant Deputy Minister, which position he has held ever since.

During the past twenty years, Mr. Yates' services have been in frequent demand, in a secretarial capacity, in connection with parliamentary inquiries into transport problems as for example in 1931 when the Duff Commission reported on the general problem of transportation in Canada and in 1933 when he acted as secretary of the Dominion-Provincial conference on Highway Transport.

In 1934, on retirement of the former secretary of the department, Mr. Yates was assigned that position also and has since continued in the dual capacity of departmental secretary and assistant deputy minister. Also, by reason of his newspaper training and experience, Mr. Yates until outbreak of the present war had charge of all press and publicity matters affecting the department.

After assuming the additional duties of secretary of his Department in 1934, Mr. Yates no longer had time for extra-departmental work but, at the special request of the late Senator Dandurand, then Government leader in the Upper House, did act as associate secretary of the Senate Committee which during sessions of 1938 and '39 made extended inquiry into the railway problem and the possibilities of unified operation of Canada's two principal railway systems.

Mr. Yates is a native of London, Ontario, where as a young man he entered the business office of the London "Free Press" and afterwards served as reporter and city editor of the London "Advertiser" and "News". Later he joined the staff of the "Globe" and served that paper until 1899 when he entered the Ontario government's employ as a member of the Provincial Secretary's Department.

Mr. Yates is not a man who likes to give up just because of advancing years. Nor, apparently, does Ottawa relish getting along without his able services for although the veteran civil servant reached retirement age in May, 1937, his duties since that time have been continued from year to year by Order-in-Council.

What Kind of Revolution?

BY STANLEY McCONNELL

The collectivist conception of world revolution as reflected in current works is to turn one's back on the past and march forward to a sheltered future under the wing of state paternalism. Yet all progress rests on careful analysis of the past and the application of its lessons.

Business men have neglected both the trend and the argument but are now awakening to their full implications. Overhead political control is contrary to the principles of business administration.

Collectivism is not an historical movement perr se, but the political symptom of an economic malady. The rejection of the socialist case imposes the task of identifying the disturbing factor in order that liberty, the goal of the nineteenth century and security, the hope of the twentieth, may both be realized in the full pattern of democracy.

IT IS commonly said that we are living in a revolution, one of those transitional periods of history which involve profound social change. While few would question the assertion, there is no general agreement as to the nature of this revolution. Its dynamic is the determination of the people that the two scourges of the race—poverty and war—will no longer be tolerated in an age of technical mastery. Accompanying this is an impatience with the past and a lack of direction as to the future.

The danger in revolution is that its force may be misdirected and swing to extremes. It is the mood of the moment, as reflected in the current spate of collectivist books and pamphlets, to discredit the past in the broadest terms. In the flyleaf of "Conditions of Peace"* we read: "The Old World is dead; the future lies with those who can most successfully turn their backs on that world and face a new one with understanding, courage and imagination." It is impossible to face a new world with understanding, much less to build one, without first deriving the lessons of the old.

The author describes the revolution as one "against the three predominant ideas of the nineteenth century: liberal democracy, national self-determination and laissez-faire economics." Since the existing order has been marked by inequalities, liberal democracy must go. It has led to wars, therefore national self-determination must go. It has failed to solve the problems of unemployment and want, therefore laissez-faire economics must go.

Such generalizations, unsupported by scientific analysis, only make confusion more confounded. One might as well argue that because one's motor car is stalled internal combustion engines must go. Yet the literature of reform is full of these castigations of capitalism, the profit motive and liberalism, with no adequate definition of the terms; while those who would build a new and better world, with a summary "Off with his head", calmly dispose of an era.

The collectivist revolution, now in the blueprint stage, would take the material achievements of free enterprise and combining them with authoritarian rule revert to an industrial feudalism. If socialism is to come, it would be well, as Stephenson advises,† to have some idea of what it would be like. It would be the golden age of officials, not a classless society, but a hidebound economy of rulers and ruled. The citizen ward of the state would be educated, housed and provided with the modern equivalent of "bread and circuses". In return it would be incumbent on him, to use Bellamy's phrasing, to perform the services prescribed by the state. In his plotted journey through life, he would find himself hedged about by countless regulations and restrictions, enforced by disproportionate penalties. He would be classified, card-indexed and filed, his daily path sheltered from adventures and excitements. Thus

* Edward Hallett Carr

† The Day After To-morrow

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A Contrast in Financing

BY P. M. RICHARDS

LAST October the Government of Canada asked the people to buy $750 millions of its bonds to finance the war, and 1,900,000 of the people responded by buying $985 millions of bonds. This was an over-subscription of $235 millions or 31 per cent, though only the previous month new all-time-high taxes had become payable.

In the same month the United States Treasury invited Americans to buy $4,000 millions of government notes and bonds. This loan was over-subscribed too, but only by $100 millions or .025 per cent, though on the basis of relative population the loan was less than half as big as Canada's, and though U.S. taxes are much lighter than Canada's.

In still greater contrast is the fact that 75 per cent of the U.S. loan had to be taken up by the commercial banks. This, as the Treasury itself acknowledged, was particularly disappointing because the aim had been to have the loan largely taken up by individual investors as an anti-inflation measure. And distribution was poor even among the banks, since no less than 60 per cent of subscriptions from all sources came from the New York and Chicago Federal Reserve districts. In other words, there was not only a heavy concentration of the new issues in the banking system, but also in the banks of the larger cities, particularly New York and Chicago.

Canada's Third Victory Loan was a striking success. The U.S. loan of October was a no less striking flop. In view of the fact that more loans are ahead in both countries (another U.S. loan is nearing completion as this is written), and that these loans, to achieve the anti-inflation purposes intended of them, must take purchasing power away from the public as well as provide money for the war program, it may be worth while to look into the reasons for the big difference in loan results last October.

Why U.S. Loan Was a Flop

The economist of the National City Bank of New York ascribes the disappointing showing in the United States to three main factors: (1) huge increases in the volume of Treasury financing had come rather suddenly upon the banks and market and they had not adjusted themselves fully to all the implications, nor was there full understanding of the Treasury's program; (2) the subscription books were open for only two days, providing insufficient time for the loan committees to do their work and for investors to get in their orders—"This was especially true in view of the delay in delivery of the printed circulars, many of which did not reach investors until the day the books closed," says the bank economist; and (3) neither the bonds nor the notes were made attractive marketwise: that is, the offering included bonds in the general maturity range in which three large issues had already been placed this year, and the interest rates were low in relation to the distant maturities.

These statements are extremely significant and revealing. When they are scrutinized, it is seen that the U.S. Treasury Department failed to do various essential things that Canada's Finance Department and National War Finance Committee did: (1) it failed to establish a close liaison between its representatives and the bond distributing houses; (2) it failed to set, in consultation with the bond houses, the volume of financing and the price at proper market levels; (3) it failed to call in advertising experts from the advertising agencies and publishing houses to create the proper receptivity on the part of buyers; (4) it failed to provide printed matter giving the necessary information on the loan issues; (5) it failed to set aside funds for these jobs.

Why Our Loan Was Success

Organization and advertising were the factors which made Canada's Third Victory Loan a success. Mr. G. W. Spinney and his associates of the National War Finance Committee did a wonderful job of organization and were ably seconded by the investment houses and their representatives. And advertising did a great job too, one of the greatest in its history; within the space of two or three weeks it made everyone in the country conscious of what the loan meant in the saving of human lives, freedom and civilization. An already heavily burdened public subscribed 131 per cent of the amount asked for.

The average citizen knows that advertising did a job but thinks that the cost was high. Actually, the loan's success was achieved at a cost to the Government of less than one-tenth of one per cent, and this includes all forms of advertising used.

The U.S. Treasury does not intend to repeat its mistake; the much better showing of the loan now in progress indicates that henceforth it will use advertising and printing much as Canada does. But it is well that Canadians, too, should appreciate the power and economy of advertising as a wartime as well as peacetime tool, so that the war effort and the peace program to follow shall not be endangered by failure to make adequate use of it.

Mr. Stanley M. Wedd has been appointed General Manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce in succession to Mr. Allan E. Arscott, who becomes Executive Vice-President.

Mr. Wedd entered the Bank's service in 1905 as a junior clerk at Walkerton, Ont. He had experience at several points in various posts in Ontario and as Assistant Manager at Sherbrooke, Que., as well as Inspector and Chief Inspector at Head Office, Toronto. In January 1937 he was appointed Assistant General Manager.

Marx's economic law of motion would find a stark fulfillment in a society which purchased its material satisfactions at the price of freedom of movement.

It is said that races and individuals meet with the experiences they need. If the socialist would imaginatively construct his ideal system, he would not need the experience. If he could see his every action under supervision, the delicately gloved *incumbent* expanded to the hard and comprehensive *must*, he would realize that the substance of democracy does not consist in the casting of a ballot every five years but in how one lives in the interval.

It is unfortunate that the business mind which had to grapple with the actual problems of men and machines in order to achieve certain results took little thought of this trend except to reiterate on occasion "Less government in business". Its interpretation was left to the academic mind which for the most part has had little experience of the actual problems of administration. When it awoke to the issue, it found the dialectical argument apparently closed and the collectivist movement enthroned by its sponsors as the imperative of the future. From the standpoint of free enterprise, the debate has hardly begun.

Business men are not accustomed to thinking in terms of "isms", but of working techniques, of right and wrong ways of doing things. They know the right way is not that of bureaucratic control of industry. There is in all private enterprise a selective process qualifying men for their jobs, rewarding the industrious and providing an incentive for the inefficient to improve their work. When political patronage enters, the process is interrupted. The first principle of management is responsibility and control within the sphere of the assignment. The second is reward according to merit. Collectivism cuts squarely across this functional pattern by dividing responsibility from control, while promotion in the industrial hierarchy would be based on grounds other than merit.

The Scientific Approach

The scientific approach which has guided all progress is to enquire as to a particular enterprise what makes it a success as far as it goes and what prevents it from going farther. As Premier Smuts expressed it in his recent speech in the British House, "we are passing beyond ordinary politics and political shibboleths. It is no longer a case of socialism or communism or any of the other isms of the marketplace, but of achieving common justice and fair-play for all."

In all human experience there have been only two principles of social organization, self-direction and overhead authority. The latter is the earliest and most primitive, the pattern of the patriarchal family and the tribe. The former is of a higher, more complex order and endured only for comparatively brief periods in past civilizations. Yet it is deeply significant that it was under this principle linked with freehold land tenure that the civilization of Greece and Rome reached their highest peak. Their fall coincided with the impoverishment and eviction of the freeholders through the pressure of debt and taxation.

Struggling up through the Dark Ages and the frozen economy of the feudal system, men essayed once more but on a larger scale the experiment of founding a social order on the principle of self-direction. It was based again on freehold property allied with the freedom of contract and flowered in the industrial age. It held the promise of man's release from material limitations. But at some point a disturbing element appeared which we may designate Factor X. As the new industrial order reached its fruition on the side of production it became unbalanced on that of distribution. The state was then called upon to redress the balance by taxation and social services. Being a treatment of effects rather than a removal of the cause, Factor X continued to operate and the disequilibrium became more pronounced. The functions and responsibilities of government grew apace. Taxation and public debt expanded in the same ratio, imposing increasing burdens upon private enterprise.

Equilibrium

The structural principle of a fluid commercial order is equilibrium. If one admits the presence of a disturbing factor tending to the concentration of wealth and the associated ills of unemployment and poverty, one must also recognize that the drift to collectivism was not in any sense a necessary historic movement but rather a symptom of the economic malady. As the disorders increased the principle of self-direction was more and more compromised. A chronic invalid finds it difficult to picture a normal state of health. The collectivists, arguing from the observed flaws in private enterprise, are now ready to give up the experiment and accept the principle of overhead authority and control as a philosophy of life.

For the Russian people collectivism may have been an advance. For the Anglo-Saxon race it would be a path of involution. Its genius for enterprise and government has little in common with Marxian dialectics. The record will stand as a valid and indispensable contribution to the world of tomorrow. The British constitutional system has been carefully elaborated over centuries to ensure a balance between the executive, the legislature and the judiciary. To many it is a matter of deep concern that this structure of freedom has already been undermined by the increase in government functions.

Under the caption "Wanted—a Prophet", the London *Economist* suggests that "the task of the prophet today is to make the Right enthusiastic about planning the abolition of poverty and injustice, to make the Left the most fervent advocates of the safeguard against tyranny and oppression that is to be found in individual enterprise and independence from the state. This reconciliation of the faiths should be Britain's particular service to the twentieth century, just as her similar reconciliation of the political faiths of Order and Freedom was her gift to the nineteenth." ‡

Unusual pose for a monarch: seven-year-old King Feisal II of Iraq is helped down by the Regent after he retrieves his cherished model of a "Hurricane", gift of RAF mechanics.

Highest in Achievement

The nineteenth century placed the accent on freedom and though the price was high it was cheerfully paid. The twentieth century in placing the accent on security should not forget that price. The Anglo-Saxon civilization with all its faults is the highest in material achievements and in the assurance of personal liberty that has yet appeared on this planet, though it has been greatly modified by the growing concentration of wealth and the resulting drift to collectivism.

The reconciliation of Left and Right is a task which might well dismay a prophet, for the keystone of the arch of freedom and security is missing and the structure which has slowly risen through the centuries is insecure. Yet there is a quality of resilience in the Anglo-Saxon which will be a stabilizing force in the period of reconstruction. During the war and in the immediate post-war period, a measure of controls will be accepted as necessary. The vital issue is whether such controls will be enlarged or whether there will be a gradual return to the system of free enterprise.

Those who believe in free enterprise and reject the socialist thesis and remedy must accept the onus of seeking to identify the disturbing factor which has led to an unbalanced economy. It is only by the discovery and removal of this factor that the structure will stand. The nature and scope of the world revolution will then be apparent. The nineteenth century's dream of liberty and the twentieth century's goal of security will find expression in the flexible, infinitely varied and expanding pattern of a new age.

‡ The Economist, Mar. 7, 1942.

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SURVEY OF MINES

EXTENSION of recovery facilities at large base metal producers, placing in production of further base metal mines, and the tapping of many new strategic mineral resources — these factors combine to indicate that Canadian base and strategic mineral production may touch a new high in 1943, declares the new 1942-43 edition of the Financial Post Survey of Mines.

The Survey gives its usual detailed information on thousands of mining companies. Maps, stock prices, dividends, ore reserves, earnings, directors — all these and many other details are given. The Survey of Mines is published by the MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, Montreal and Toronto, and priced at $2.00.

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A FEW years ago, when winter came, thousands of Canadians packed their golf clubs, fishing tackle and other sport equipment and journeyed to St. Petersburg, Florida's "Sunshine City," for a vacation of restfulness and relaxation.

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So again we send you Greetings. For any of you who can come South this winter, a warm welcome is waiting. If you cannot come, we shall miss you; and we shall look forward to the happy day when Victory brings Peace, and when once more you can follow the ways of peace.

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HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

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Chartered Accountants
E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS
Authorized Trustees and Receivers.
15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 365

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 31st day of December, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 16th day of December, 1942.

DATED the 9th day of December, 1942.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA
LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared this day the following dividend.

No par value Common Stock

No. 23, Interim, 15c. per share, payable February 1st, 1943, to holders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1942.

L. C. HASKELL, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 27th, 1942

WESTERN GROCERS
LIMITED

Notice of Dividends

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared:

On the Preference Shares 1¾% ($1.75) for the current quarter;

On the Common Shares, 75c per share;

Payable January 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record December 20th, 1942.

By order of the Board.

W. P. RILEY,
President.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

NEWBEC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be much obliged for information on Newbec. I understand a new company is being formed. What are its possibilities, if any?

—G. M. B., Toronto, Ont.

The possibilities, if any, for Newbec Mines are indeterminate and I understand Noranda Mines' idea in financing a new company to take over the property is in the hope that exploration may disclose some wartime metals. The property has been inactive since early in 1939 when diamond drilling was done, but failed to indicate any values. The structural information obtained, however, was considered interesting and plans were to drill one of the most favorable sections when funds were available. An examination of the property in 1938 by a geologist brought suggestions for diamond drilling to explore the structure at depth, but he did not hold out too much hope for favorable results.

Under the present agreement Newbec will dispose of certain assets including the property, to Noranda Mines. The assets of Newbec to be distributed among shareholders, within a year, will include 412,502 shares of the new company, equivalent to approximately one share for each block of ten shares issued, and 359,480 shares of Lartic Mines. The new company is to expend a minimum of $5,000 in exploring the Newbec property and if Noranda engineers believe results justify further work, Noranda will supply the funds through the purchase of shares.

ELECTROLUX CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Why did Electrolux Corporation cut off dividends? Is it not working on war orders? An explanation would be appreciated, and your opinion of the chances of dividend renewal.

—T. R. J., Calgary, Alta.

Yes, Electrolux Corporation is working on war orders as well as on the restricted production of vacuum cleaners, but its profits on war business are considerably less than those on normal commercial products. For the third quarter of 1942 earnings were only ⅔ of a cent per share, against 4 cents for the second quar-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows with peaks, to date, but recently made. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

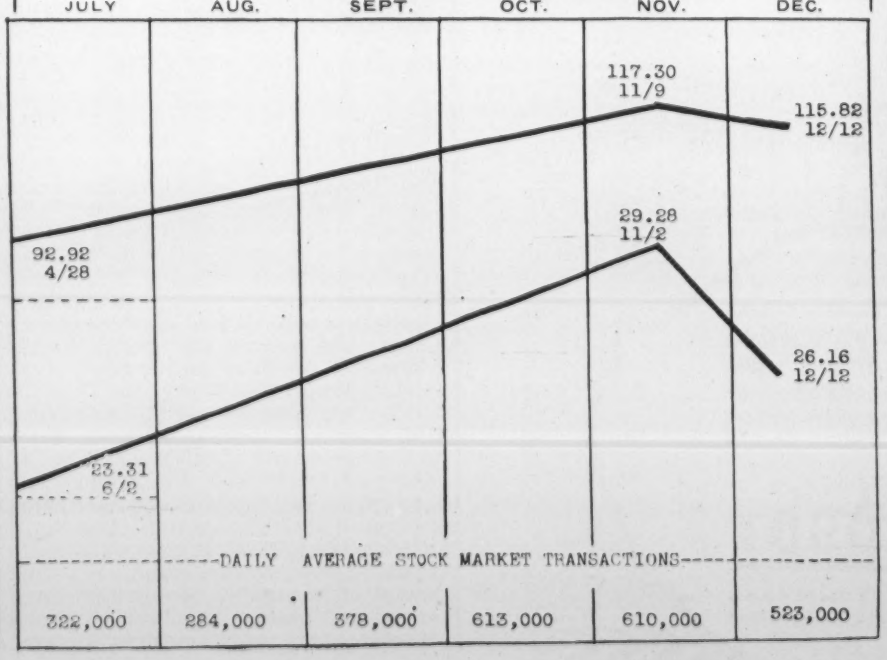
SUGGEST SUSPENDING PURCHASING UNTIL MARKET'S NEXT MOVE IS SIGNALLED

A factor of acute downside pressure on the New York stock market over the past three years has been the selling of stocks to establish losses for tax purposes. This movement generally got under way in early December and reached its crest over the two closing weeks of the year. Following the cessation of much selling, which came with the turn of the year, the market then enjoyed a January rally. This rally, in part, represented the natural rebound of prices from the lifting of the tax sales pressure; in part, the investment demand arising from year-end interest and dividend disbursements.

Under the new American tax regulations, only $1,000 of losses from sales of securities can be used to offset ordinary income. This is something quite different from the law previously in effect, when losses on securities classed as long-term holdings could be used, if available, even to point where all ordinary income was wiped out. As a result of this change in the law, tax selling of securities should not loom nearly so large this year as it has over previous years. This being the case, there is a greater latitude open to the market, this December, to respond to general developments of a news and technical nature than otherwise would be the case.

Over the past several weeks the market has been in a corrective move. This sidewise action represents the consolidation of the sharp advance from late September to mid-October. Sufficient time should now have elapsed to merit another attempt at upside action. Ability of the two averages, on any such strength, to move decisively above their November high points of 29.28 for the rails, 117.30 for the industrials would signal another sharp move as under way. Failure of the market, after due testing, to go into new high ground, however, would raise some question as to whether the intermediate upmove from April had not ended. In view of the extent of the movement, to date, we feel that general purchasing of securities should be suspended.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

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PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.
WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON
109

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after

2ND JANUARY 1943

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

3rd December, 1942.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

FAMOUS PLAYERS
Canadian Corporation
Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifty Cents (50c) per share has been declared on all issued common shares of the Company without nominal or par value, payable on Thursday the 31st day of December, 1942, to shareholders of record Saturday, the 19th day of December, 1942.

By Order of the Board.

N. G. BARROW,
Secretary.

TORONTO, December 8th, 1942.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce announces the appointment of Mr. Allan E. Arscott as Executive Vice-President. Mr. Arscott's new appointment follows six years as General Manager of the Bank and the previous eight years as Assistant General Manager. He was elected a Director in 1938 and a Vice-President in 1940. He is a Director, also, of the Canada Life Assurance Company and of Wartime Merchant Shipping Limited. In the last three Victory Loan campaigns Mr. Arscott acted as Chairman of the Ontario section of the National War Finance Committee.

A native of Walkerton, Ontario, Mr. Arscott entered the Bank there as a junior in November 1905 and served at many branches, including London, Montreal and Sherbrooke, until he joined the Head Office organization in 1915.

DEBT OF LAST YEAR'S INCOME TAX
PRESENT BURDEN OF WAR COSTS
YOU'D GIVE HIM A "BREAK" IF YOU TOOK THAT OFF HIS LOAD!
JOHN Q. TAXPAYER
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JAMES ALLEN

ONE LOAD TOO MANY

ter, and earnings for the nine months to September 30, 1942, were only 21 cents per share compared with $1.09 per share for the corresponding period of 1941. Dividends have progressively declined from $2.20 a share paid in 1937 to $1.60 in 1938, $1.20 in 1939, $1.10 in 1940 and 80 cents in 1941. On February 5, 1942, the company decided to suspend payments. There seems to be no present prospect of dividend resumption as the company is unable to expand its war production sufficiently to yield the profit obtainable on a smaller volume of commercial goods.

ASSOCIATED BREWERIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please advise amount of common dividends paid by Associated Breweries of Canada this year, also how this year's payments compare with payments during the last four or five years. Thanks.

—V. M. C., Kirkland Lake, Ont.

A dividend of 50 cents per share declared on the common stock by Associated Breweries of Canada, Limited, payable December 31, 1942, brings total dividends on the stock to $1.25 per share for the current year, the lowest total paid on the stock since the year 1938. Last year a total of $1.75 per share was paid, a final dividend of $1 following three 25 cent payments. In 1940, when the final payment was 60 cents per share, the total for the year was $1.35 per share and in 1939, three 20 cent dividends were followed by a final payment of 75 cents per share, bringing the total for that year to $1.35 per share. The $1.25 paid in 1938 was comprised of three 20 cent dividends and a final of 65 cents per share.

MADSEN RED LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Madsen Red Lake has been suggested to me as a buy, but before doing so, I am again coming to you for information as to the ore situation, production, profits and prospects in general. What is the war-time outlook for the company?

—P. L. B., Buffalo, N.Y.

With ore reserves sufficient for nearly eight years' milling at the current rate of production, excellent possibilities in the extensive areas remaining for exploratory development and the better grade of ore being opened up in the new lower levels, Madsen Red Lake would, if times were normal be fully justified increasing capacity of the mill well above the present rate of 400 tons daily.

Production is running over $100,000, monthly and the grade of mill-feed steadily climbing due to higher grade being opened at depth. Net profit for the current year should be well above the 5½ cents per share earned in the 12 months ending February 28th. For the six months ending September it is unofficially estimated that profits were about seven cents a share.

The company's position appears to be better than average for operating under war-time restrictions and if further disabilities are not suffered the prospects are encouraging. While the labor situation is not as good as it might be the company has been fortunate in retaining its key men. Development work is being curtailed due to war conditions and the highly satisfactory ore position.

Net working capital at the end of February of approximately $387,000, has likely been increased by the higher production this year. A dividend of 3 cents was paid in June and another this month. The policy of the directors is to build up a reasonable reserve and will deal with the matter of dividends from time to time as the general situation clarifies, and cash is accumulated.

NOBLE FIVE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I own some shares in Noble Five Mines, and until I read your remarks in a recent issue about Gold Frontier having become interested in this property, I had considered my small investment as lost. Can you give me any details of the arrangement you referred to? Is there anything coming to holders of Noble Five?

—W. F. H., Edmonton, Alta.

Under the financing proposal to again place the Noble Five Mine in operation, I understand the entire assets are to be transferred to a new company—Nelson Slocan Consolidated Mines Ltd.—in which shareholders would receive one new for each ten shares held. A second company is then to be incorporated with an Ontario charter to acquire and operate the Noble Five mine.

The new British Columbia company—Nelson Slocan—is to retain the Athabasca gold property, have its indebtedness cleared up and will hold 700,000 shares in the Ontario company. The financing is to be done by debentures, carrying no interest and redeemable from 15 per cent of the net smelter returns.

CANADA MALTING

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you can give me regarding probable earnings of Canada Malting Company for this year, particularly in respect of coverage of dividends, will be appreciated.

—B. H. P., Outremont, Que.

Earnings of Canada Malting Company for 1942 are expected to be somewhat below the $3.06 per share shown for 1941, but to cover the dividends of $2.50 per share—$2 regular and 50 cents extra. The company is in excellent shape financially and is operating practically at capacity, which has been considerably increased during the war, but earning power has contracted due to higher taxes and to the fact that the company has had to suspend its profitable export business in order to take care of increased domestic demand. The company is the largest manufacturer of malt in Canada and has always enjoyed a relatively stable earning power, but an element of speculation exists because of the dependence of the company's volume of production on activity in the alcoholic beverage industries.

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Ottawa Electric Building, Ottawa — Spectator Building, Hamilton

CORRESPONDENTS IN NEW YORK AND LONDON, ENG.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 60

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of $1.50 per share being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum has been declared on the 6 per cent. cumulative preferred stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending December 31st, 1942, payable January 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1942.

By Order of the Board,
FRED HUNT,
Secretary.

November 25th, 1942.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 15 cents per share has been declared on the no par value common stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited, payable December 31st, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 15th, 1942.

By Order of the Board,
FRED HUNT,
Secretary.

December 9th, 1942.

The B. Greening Wire Company LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 21

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on November 30th, 1942 a dividend of Fifteen cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable January 2nd, 1943 to shareholders of record December 15th, 1942.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., December 9, 1942.

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED payable January 2nd, 1943 to Shareholders of record at close of Business December 15th, 1942.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

About Insurance

There is a fascination in the study of the careers of those who have risen to eminence in any walk of life that attracts the business man as well as the average reader. Which accounts for the steady popularity of many of the "lives" of the great and near-great now in print.

That the life story of a business enterprise and its builders can be made as interesting as any biography of an individual will be admitted by those who read Marquis James' history of one of the great American insurance companies whose fortunes were closely bound up with those of the Republic, especially in its early years.

Business Biography Makes Good Reading

BY GEORGE GILBERT

IT IS a difficult undertaking to write a history of an insurance company that will be of more than ordinary interest to laymen as well as to those engaged in the insurance business. That it is possible to do so will be readily admitted by anyone who reads the latest book by the well-known American author, Marquis James, "Biography of a Business, 1792-1942" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company).

After writing the lives of great Americans, Sam Houston, Andrew Jackson and others, he has applied the same methods that won the Pulitzer prize for his books on individuals to the portrayal of the life of a business institution, and the picture he paints is aptly described as a living one and no less real because it is that of a corporate body.

While he has spared no effort to find the facts and in marshalling them to tell a clear, authentic and connected story, he displays art and skill in the selection and presentation of what is significant. It is true that the material made available to him was extraordinary, for in the records of the Insurance Company of North America, one of the oldest and greatest of American insurance institutions, is to be found the story of the growth and development of American business since the United States became a nation.

Historic Setting

From its inception on November 19, 1792, in Philadelphia, then the seat of the United States Government, the association of this company with the history of the Republic, particularly during its first fifty years, was a close one. When John M. Nesbitt presided over a gathering of notable citizens in the pannelled Georgian Room of the State House at Philadelphia who had been brought together to decide upon the formation of a company, he sat in the same "rising sun" armchair in which John Hancock had sat while presiding over the momentous sessions of the Continental Congress in July, 1776. On the desk before John Hancock had been a draft of Thomas Jefferson's much debated Declaration of Independence, and on the same desk before Nesbitt was the Plan for the establishment of the Insurance Company of North America, about to be unanimously adopted.

It is rather curious that the idea of forming this company to write marine insurance should have arisen out of an unsuccessful attempt to establish an organization called the Universal Tontine Association for the sale of tontines as they were called. The usual plan of operation of these tontine schemes was for each subscriber to pay in a certain amount according to the number of shares subscribed for, the total sum being invested for the benefit of all, and the earnings distributed each year among the surviving subscribers. As subscribers died, their shares of the earnings were distributed among the survivors. The last survivor took everything, principal and interest, on the death of the next to the last.

This kind of lottery, though popular at the time in Europe, did not appeal to the people of Philadelphia or of Boston where efforts to get subscribers for the Universal Tontine Association were also made, although its plan was somewhat different from that of a last man club, as it provided that at the end of twenty-one years, that is, in 1813, the assets were to be divided among the surviving subscribers and the Association disbanded.

Tontine Scheme Dropped

When the promoters failed to obtain enough subscribers to warrant going ahead with the scheme, only 187 having signed up, meetings of the subscribers were held to determine what to do, whether to wind up the organization or to devote the funds subscribed to some other use. The idea of forming an insurance company had been suggested and appeared to meet with general approval. After a committee had been appointed to look into the project, a motion was adopted that the Universal Tontine Association be changed from its original objects and converted into a Society to be called the Insurance Company of North America.

A plan was submitted by the committee, calling for the subscription of 60,000 shares of stock of $10 each, which would "make the new company an enormous concern of $600,000 capital when all the shares should be taken and paid up." At the meeting on November 19 the plan was adopted. A stock subscription book was opened, and in eleven days 40,000 shares had been subscribed for, the minimum number under which, according to the plan, the company could proceed with the election of directors.

On December 10 the subscribers met and elected a board of fifteen directors, all prominent in the business and social life of Philadelphia. The board elected J. M. Nesbitt, 37 years old, president, and Ebenezer Hazard, 47 years old, secretary. A part of a brick building was rented as an office for "£100 a year," as it appeared in the record, although the dollar and not the pound had been the official unit of currency for more than a year. A hundred Philadelphia pounds were equal to $266.

While the new company was empowered to write marine, fire and life insurance, it confined its operations at first to marine insurance which previously had been carried on by individual American underwriters, and agents of London companies and underwriters, mostly as a part time occupation. The weakness of the position of the native underwriters was a shortage of capital, $25,000 being the limit the Americans could cover.

Auspicious Start

This aspect of things was to be changed by the new company. With its subscribed capital of $600,000 and operating on a permanent and not a temporary basis, the largest marine risks of the day could be accepted without any delay whatever. The company also had the benefit of the experience of President Nesbitt, who with his business partner and father-in-law, David H. Conyngham, had been for years among the most active private underwriters in Philadelphia, while other directors and leaders of the new company were also experienced in marine underwriting as individual insurers.

On December 15, 1792, the company opened its office for business, and at the end of the first six months, when the directors met to take stock of the situation they found that to June 14, 1793, the company had received $67,114.33 in premiums and $3,276.20 in interest, while the losses amounted to $4,515.74 under two claims. A dividend of 6 per cent for the half year was declared on the paid up capital of $60,000.

In July, 1794, the board voted to engage in the insurance against fire of houses and goods up to full valuation, and the first fire policy was issued on December 10 of that year on goods valued at $8,000, the rate being $3 per $1,000 per annum, the term three years, making the premium $72 plus a charge of $2 for fire mark and policy. By paying in advance for three years, the insured received a rebate of $8, making the net cost $66. In March of the following year the company offered to insure brick or stone houses within ten miles of Philadelphia. A year later the company decided to accept fire insurance anywhere in the United States.

During the early stages of its efforts to work up a fire insurance business, the company also began experiments with life insurance by insuring sea-faring men against death during a voyage or an army colonel against death during a year's stay in the West Indies. But this sort of business did not develop any volume, and was not kept up for any lengthy period.

Such were the modest beginnings of one of the foremost American insurance companies whose fortunes all through its history have been inextricably bound up with the fortunes of the Republic. The interrelation has undoubtedly become more complex and manifold, as the company extended its scope from marine to fire insurance, to casualty insurance, to every form of insurance except life.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Some years ago I wrote you for advice re my insurance and other problems, and was favored with a reply which I found very helpful. Since then the picture has been considerably altered by changing circumstances, and I am once more presuming to appeal for your advice. The present set up is as follows: Salary, $2,900 per annum; dependents, wife and one boy, 17, in last year at Collegiate to whom I would like to give some assistance in securing a University education if war conditions permit.

I hold the following life insurance policies: (1) $1,000 25-year endowment, with deferred dividends, taken in 1921, premium $44.55, with policy loan of $648; (2) $10,000, taken in 1936, with family income rider of $100 a month until I would have reached age 65, and then $10,000, premium $121.60 quarterly, last yearly dividend $48.50, with policy loan of $824; (3) $4,000 ordinary life, taken in 1938, premium $14.56 monthly, last yearly dividend $23.84, with policy loan of $167.16; (4) $1,000 18-year endowment, taken in 1936, premium $59.85 yearly, last dividend about $4.50; (5) $1,000 group insurance, premium $13.50 yearly; (6) $1,000 whole life policy on son, premium $14.27 yearly, dividend about $3.25; (7) Two 25-cent policies, yearly premiums $26, dividends about $7.

I also have the following real estate: (1) home, with mortgage of $2,950 at 5½ per cent, $50 payable off principal half-yearly, taxes $146.62; (2) another house rented at $60 per month, with mortgage of $4,500 at 6 per cent, $100 payable off principal half-yearly, taxes $152.34. My age is 53 and I must retire on pension at age 65. As nearly as I can estimate, my income tax this year, without the compulsory saving, will be about $420. I am trying to sell the other house to raise cash to wipe out policy loan indebtedness. Is that a wise procedure, or should I surrender some of my insurance, and if so how much and which policies would you advise dropping? Or is there any other adjustment you

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

would advise in order to maintain the insurance in force? Is the amount of insurance out of line with my salary?

—B. H. J., Toronto, Ont.

It is quite evident that something must be done to lighten the financial burden now being carried. At present your annual income would appear to consist of salary, $2,900, and rent from house, $720, a total of $3,620, out of which sums amounting to $2,294 must be paid in order to meet existing commitments with respect to taxes, principal and interest, leaving $1,326, or $110 a month to subsist on, to keep your two houses in repair, and to assist in providing for your son's university course.

While the amount of insurance you hold is by no means excessive, especially in view of existing policy loan indebtedness, the premium outlay is large for the amount of protection provided, as the bulk of it is on the endowment plan. As these endowment policies largely represent savings, and were no doubt taken out with the object of supplementing your income after you retire on pension, it would be advisable to keep as much of it in force as possible, unless you feel that your pension will provide sufficient income for your purposes. In that event, I would suggest that you change enough of the endowment insurance into ordinary life to bring the premium payments within your carrying capacity.

If you consider that the amounts provided by the endowments will be necessary to supplement your pension, and if you have sufficient equity in the rented house to wipe out policy loan indebtedness and place you in a position to carry on without going further into debt, it would be advisable to sell this house, provided you can sell to advantage, and just now seems a favorable time to do so, as at present in view of the mortgage and your other commitments it does not yield enough net income to assist to any extent in meeting your other financial obligations, though in time it will doubtless do so when the mortgage has been substantially reduced.

If you decide to change some of your endowment insurance to ordinary life, it would not be advisable to make any change in policy No. (1) which is on the deferred dividend plan and which will be coming due in a few years, as by doing so you might have to sacrifice all or some of the accumulated dividends.

So Londoners won't be cold this winter. One of many coal piles in the City's parks to draw from should wartime difficulties interrupt transportation from the mines. The same precaution against a severe winter and possible fuel shortage has been taken in cities throughout Britain.

Who Controls Credit?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The banks certainly create credit, but the limitations on the influence which the banks have over the volume of credit are actually greater than those which govern the "business" creation of credit.

Mr. Layton says that since the State, in the twin forms of the Treasury and the Bank of England, controls credit and except by the State's deliberate action no basic alteration is possible, the critics are arguing that the banking system should be revolutionized to secure a state of affairs which already exists.

London

THE banking system of Great Britain is to critics what honey is to bears. They find it irresistible. The extraordinary persistence and development of the attack on the banks which appeared to be initiated by the Archbishop of Canterbury really has nothing to do with that well-meaning gentleman and acute observer, nor has it much to do with the striving after a new political order with which his sympathies, together with those of many other reliable men, have become allied in the public mind. It is mainly due to the effete and tiresome group who seek to express a revolutionary fervour by stale and uninformed offensives against the traditional scapegoats of capitalist society.

The banks. There is a magic in the very word which drives out of the minds of these people whatever sense was in them, and which eradicates the urge to knowledge. It is a black magic and it can be exorcized by the white magic of truth.

What is the truth about the banking system and about the creation of credit? The accusation is that the banks are able to create credit to a degree that effectively puts them in control of the total credit situation in the country. This is, according to the prosecution, a power which only the state should exercise, but here we find, because of a condition of monopoly in banking, a private Machiavellian state, operating within, and against the interests of, the true state, which is the people. There is no truth in this.

The banks certainly create credit, but they are little more than agents of the Treasury when they do so. No man who reckons that he should have a week in which to pay his tailor's bill, or a month in which to pay for his car, can argue that it is wicked for the right to create credit to be vested in any body other than the Government. Every business creates credit when it allows any margin of time to pay. The man with the unpaid tailor's bill in his pocket will answer that this is a trivial thing, and so it is.

But it is not different except in degree from the creation of credit by the granting of loans by the banks. The degree of difference is, of course, pronounced, because the banking system is the channel through which the vast majority of trading transactions pass, but if we are indicting the banks on a charge of principle then the grocer, the baker and the candlestick-maker must stand in the dock with them.

Indeed, the limitations on the influence which the banks have over the volume of credit are actually greater than those which govern the "business" creation of credit. There is no law to stop a man or a company from granting illimitable credit to customers. The sky is the limit, and the sky is composed of the financial means of the lender and his good sense.

Not so the banks. Their sky is the so-called "basis of credit," which is a basis determined jointly by the Treasury and the Bank of England. Only by altering the sum total of their assets can the banks affect the credit situation, and this alteration must proceed by reference, firstly, to the total of the banks' cash and their deposits with the Bank of England, and, secondly, to the standard ratio of cash to deposits.

It Already Exists

So, in effect, the critics are arguing that we should revolutionize the banking system in order to secure a state of affairs which already exists. The State, in the twin forms of the Treasury and the Bank of England, *does* control the credit situation, and except by the State's deliberate action no basic alteration is possible.

But, anyway, continue the critics, no one can deny that there is monopoly in banking. During the last war it looked as though a state of monopoly was coming. It was a period of amalgamations and fusions. Not since 1918, however, has it been possible for banks to get together and marry. Their engagement has to be approved by the Treasury and the consent of the parent, the Board of Trade, has to be received. As a result, the banking system has been notably celibate during the last twenty years.

And the joint stock banks have fought (if the word can be permitted) an internecine battle unceasingly for deposits. It took the declaration of war for them to call an armistice in this struggle. They are, though for each there are certain basic conditions which prevent the sort of competition seen, say, in the cotton industry, highly competitive.

And they are competitive not only among themselves but with the numerous alternative organizations existing for the provision of finance, for company flotation, and for savings.

The critics have a last word. They say that even if we grant you all this you can't deny that the banks are getting paid for the automatic part which they play in increasing the volume of credit, and that they do not earn or deserve the money.

Bankers themselves would agree that the restriction on the advance of money to private borrowers has made their work infinitely easier. During the war the banks have lent the Treasury £630 millions in six months' deposits, while £480 millions have been added to their investments. These are advances (they are "credit creation"), but they are advances to the Government, and the selection of suitable recipients for the ultimate use of the credit is with the Government. The banks never were more simply agents, and never was their work more simple.

But while this may support a case for the argument that the banks are getting paid well for doing little, it is necessary to understand that the use of the advances by the Government implies an expansion in bank deposits from individual sources, and that implies the whole gamut of banking costs. The banks get 1½ per cent from the Government (to what ordinary borrowers would they allow terms like that?) and on a proportion of the deposits which proceed from these advances they pay interest. On the whole, the equation cancels out.

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A158

John Bracken the Lone Wolf

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

The Conservative party went and bought itself a Christmas present of the best available party leader in the shop; but the price was terribly high.

Mr. Bracken is a hand-made article, very carefully designed for this season's requirements. Mr. Bracken designed it and made it himself.

THE important thing to remember about John Bracken is not that he was born in Ontario just under sixty years ago, nor that he was educated at Brockville Collegiate and the O.A.C., nor even that he was a professor of field husbandry in Saskatchewan before he became premier of Manitoba twenty years ago.

The important thing to remember is that John Bracken was never a Conservative, that he refused to become leader of a straight "Conservative" party, that he told the Winnipeg Convention flatly that he entered it solely because of certain Progressive ideas which had been embodied in its platform, that he warned it that he had other ideas which it would have to take if it took him as leader. And it took him as leader.

The important thing to remember also is that John Bracken is a man of great determination of character.

The *Winnipeg Free Press*, which knows him from his twenty years premiership in its province, said of him last week: "He is inclined to be stiff-necked and stubborn. He is extremely secretive. He has no confidants. . . Mr. Bracken's relationship to his cabinet is more of the teacher-pupil kind. He dominates. Often he does not even discuss. He announces his decision and his faithful lieutenants—perhaps docile is the word—obey. He brooks opposition not easily. He has more of the lone wolf in him than any other prominent figure in Canadian public life."

That is on the whole an accurate summing up. Does it make you think of Mr. Bennett? Does it make you wonder whether there is something in the present-day Conservatives that makes them want to abase themselves before a master? Well, the parallel would be misleading. For Mr. Bracken does not want to do everything, to determine everything, to run all the departments of his Government. He has handled a cabinet, never entirely homogeneous and latterly composed of the most discordant elements, for twenty years, and has made few enemies and experienced very little discord. Men like Mr. Garson (who will presumably succeed him) get on very well with him, and are not compelled to surrender their own personalities or to accept interference in their proper fields of authority. It is only in matters of major policy that Mr. Bracken is secretive, determined and dominant—matters like the amazing coalition of two years ago which burst like a bolt from the blue on the whole political scene of Manitoba. Mr. King can do that sort of dominating too, for all the freedom that he leaves his Ministers in ordinary times and ordinary matters.

And another important thing to remember about John Bracken is that he has been looking forward to being a major figure in a Dominion Government for several years past. There has been a widespread theory that he was tired and wanted to retire; he was never tired of anything, not even of Manitoba politics, but he saw that Manitoba politics properly used could be a stepping-stone to high federal politics, and two years ago he saw that the way to use Manitoba politics to that end was to dissociate oneself from their partisan aspects.

Conservative or Liberal?

And one must remember, too, that John Bracken is far, far closer to being a Liberal than to being a Conservative, and that the reason why he is not a Liberal for federal purposes today is simply that he realizes that that designation is on the point of becoming a barrier to immediate success. He saw that two years ago, also. He saw that if he was to emerge into the federal arena it would have to be under some other auspices than those of Mr. King's party. By staying in the province, with a coalition Government, he was enabled to avoid committing himself until he thought the time was ripe, and to study the progress and prospects of all the parties. Things are much less obscure today than they were then. We know what the C.C.F. is tending to become, and we can guess what it can do and cannot do. We know that the New Democracy has gone broke. We know that something can be done, with great dexterity and a complete cutting off from past shackles, even in the province of Quebec, for a party with a lot of Conservatives in it, if it is not too terribly Conservative.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that John Bracken practically made himself into a ready-made leader, the best-looking leader available at the moment for any party that wants to inherit the mantle of Government when the Liberals have to surrender it, and the Winnipeg Convention decided to buy him for its Christmas present to itself from itself. Some of them undoubtedly went home and told their wives that the price was far too high, and that Santa Claus was profiteering outrageously. Most of them felt that no price was too high for what they were getting—namely a good chance at being the next Government, a chance which they probably could never have manufactured for themselves.

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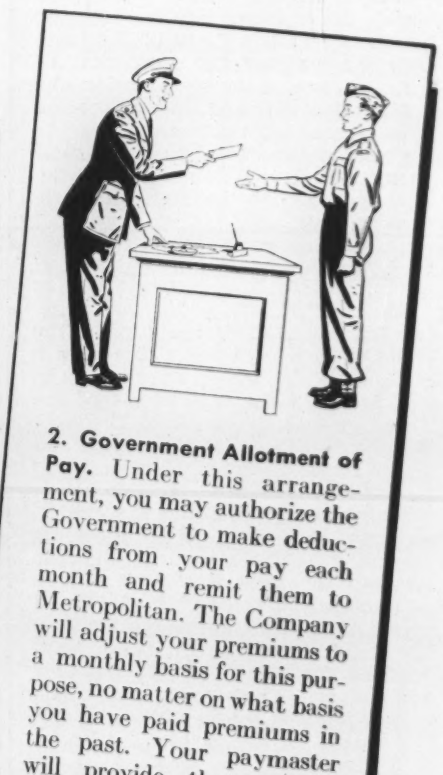

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